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FAMOUS
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Children
of
History

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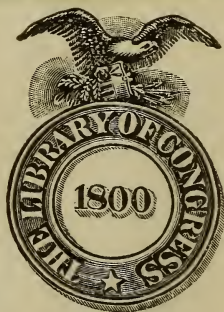
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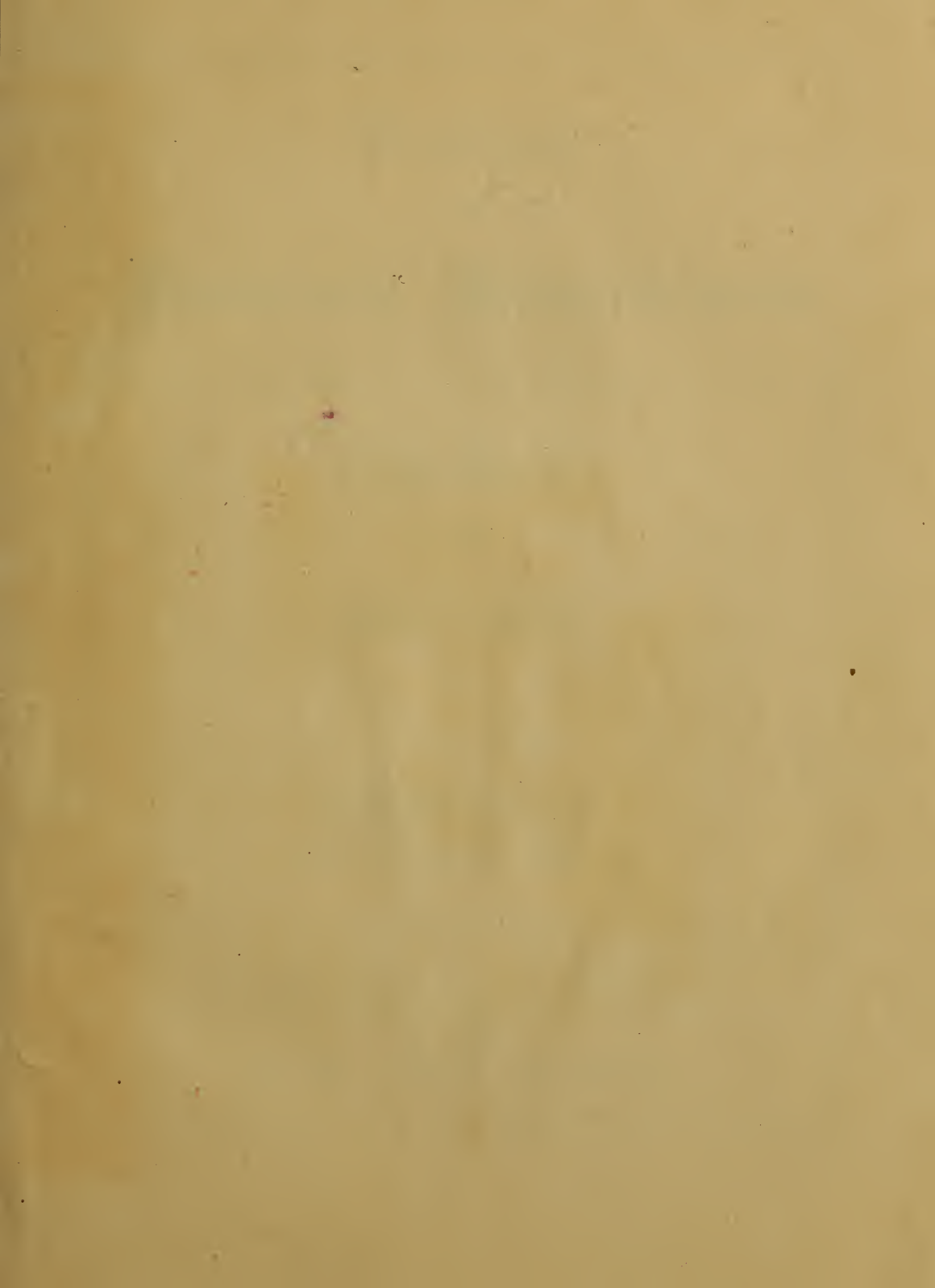


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Boyhood OF Famous Americans

CHILDREN OF HISTORY

By ANNIE CHASE

Author of "Flower Friends," etc.

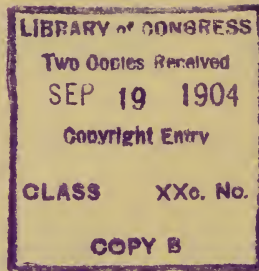
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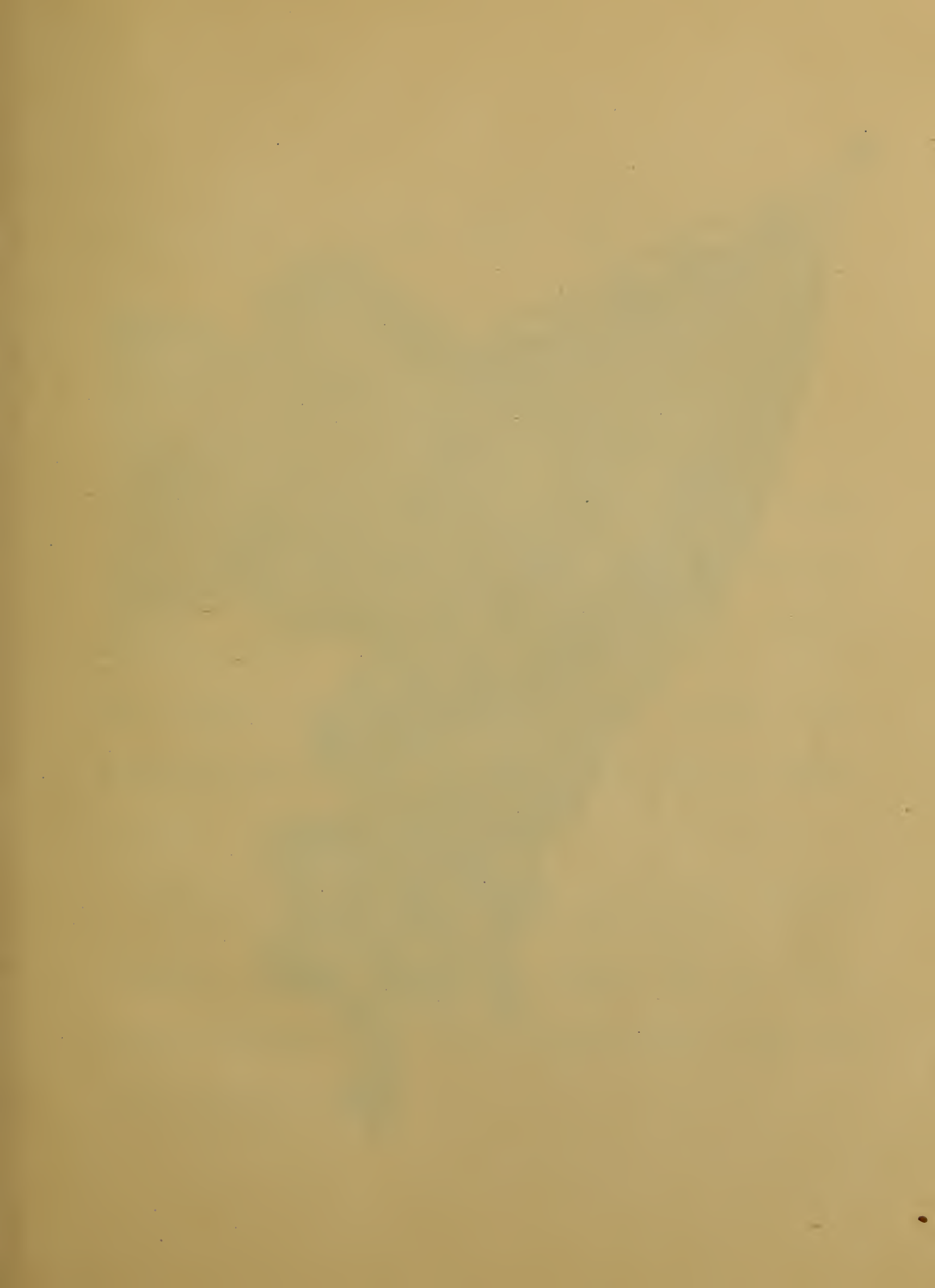
*“ Not voice, but vow,
Not harpstring, but heartstring,
Not loudness, but love,
Sounds in the ear of God.”*

This is the principle we have endeavored to inculcate in the following stories of our national heroes. The attempt has been made to show a little of the nation's progress and development through the loopholes of these lives and events.

A. C.

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CHILDREN OF HISTORY

OLD FATHER TIME.

Beth is a little girl who does not like to study. "I must do my busy work now," said Beth one day, "but oh, how warm the air is!" and she leaned her head on her arm for a little rest.

Then a queer thing happened. Old Father Time walked right in at the open window. Beth knew him by his long gray locks.

“Why Father Time! where are your scythe and hour glass, and why are you not cutting down all, both great and small?” said Beth. You see she had been reading about the little Pilgrim children and their catechism.

Father Time laughed and stroked his beard. “I do not cut people down,” said he. “I carry them away as the sea bears the ships to other shores.”

Then he took a bundle out of his pocket.

“What do you think this is?” said he.

He unwound the wrappers and there was—an album full of pictures!

“These are pictures of some children I am very proud of;” said Father Time. “You may look at them and read about them for I must be on the move.” “Yes, they are all true stories about real children,” and away whisked the old gentleman out into the summer air.



WASHINGTON ON HORSEBACK.

A BOY WHO NEVER GAVE UP.

“I must learn to write. I will not give it up. I will try, and try, and try,” said the child, George Washington. And he kept on trying till he could write a clear, bold hand.

“I must go on an errand for my country; I will never give it up,” said the young man, Washington.

High mountains were in his path.

Rivers blocked with ice, deep woods

where Indians were hiding were in his way.

“I will keep straight on,” said he. And he did keep on till the errand was done.

“I must help to make my country free,” said Washington.

War was before him. “I will not give up while I live,” said he, and he kept on trying until our country was free.

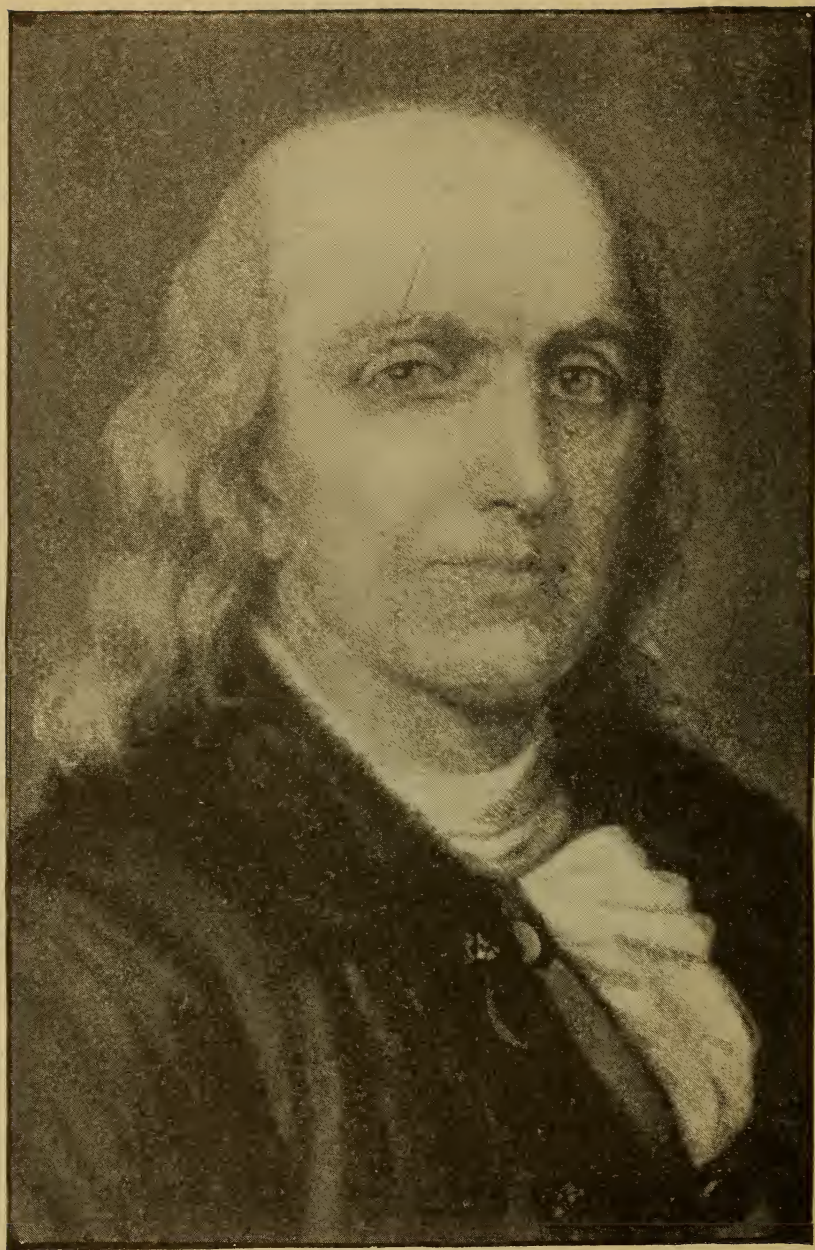
“I must lead the people in the right way,” said Washington, when the war was over.

Hard work was before him. “I

will try to find out what is best for my country," said he; and he kept on trying till there were happy, peaceful times in our land.



WASHINGTON'S HOME, MOUNT VERNON, VA.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

HOW A BOY'S DREAM CAME TRUE.

Benjamin Franklin, a little Boston boy, loved the sea. He loved to watch the wide stretch of water under the changing sky. He loved to watch the clouds floating away into new, strange worlds.

He loved the great ships that crept away under the clouds and the boats that rocked in the harbor, or tipped sideways on the sand when the tide was out.

“I wish I could go to sea,” he said to himself, and often dreamed about it.

He learned to manage a boat, and to take his boy playmates out on fishing trips. What sport it was to make the boat dart through the water and out to where the fish were always ready to bite! If a big fish was to be landed or an oar was lost or a squall came up, Benjamin always took the lead.

When he grew older and became a printer's lad, he ran away in a sloop to New York City in search of work.

“You had better go to Philadelphia,” said the New York people.

So to Philadelphia he went in a little sail boat. The winds tore the sails and drove the boat ashore. All night the boy had to lie in the hold of the boat while the waves beat on deck and trickled cold drops down upon him from the cracks overhead.

After he had worked and studied and had flown his wonderful kite—which you know all about—and had become the great Dr. Franklin, he took another journey on the sea.

It was in Revolutionary War times, and he was sent to Paris, to see if France would do anything to help us.

He was shown every honor, and when his work in Paris was done, he was sent down in the queen's own carriage to the place where he was to take ship for home.

So this boy's wish came to pass, and the truth was better than any of his dreams.

Here are a few of his "sayings."

The sleeping fox catches poultry.

Early to bed and early to rise,
makes a man healthy, wealthy, and
wise.

For want of a nail the shoe was lost;

for want of a shoe the horse was lost;
and for want of a horse the rider was
lost.

Many a little makes a mickle.

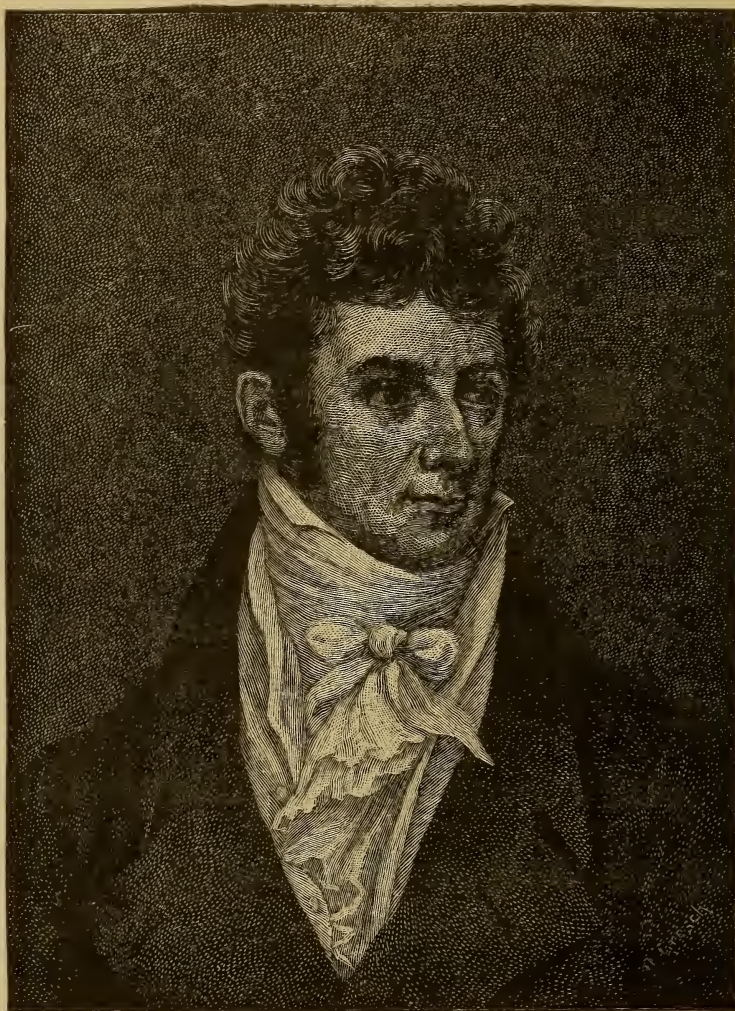
There are no gains without pains.

Lost time is never found again.

It is folly for the frog to swell in
order to equal the ox.

A fool and his money are soon
parted.

If you would be wealthy think of
saving as well as of getting.



FULTON.

THE BOY AND THE BOAT.

Robert Fulton and his mates used to go down the river to fish.

They owned an old, flat-bottomed boat, clumsy and heavy as a great log. What hard work it was to push it along with poles! The boys' arms and backs used to ache so with "taking turns" at the poles that even a "bite" by a fish could not make them forget it.

Robert thought about this boat a great deal; was there not some way to move it more easily?

One day he found some old boards and poles which he made into paddles. These looked like wheels and turned with a crank.

He fastened these into the old boat and ran for one of the boys to try with him the new paddles.

Would the boat move?

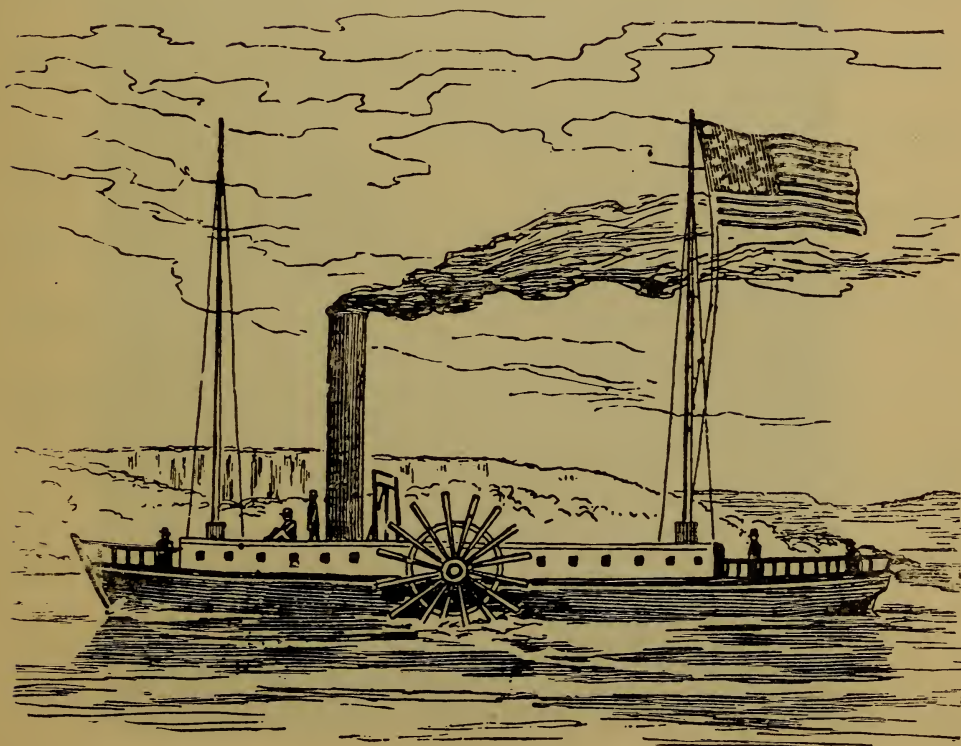
The two boys almost held their breath.

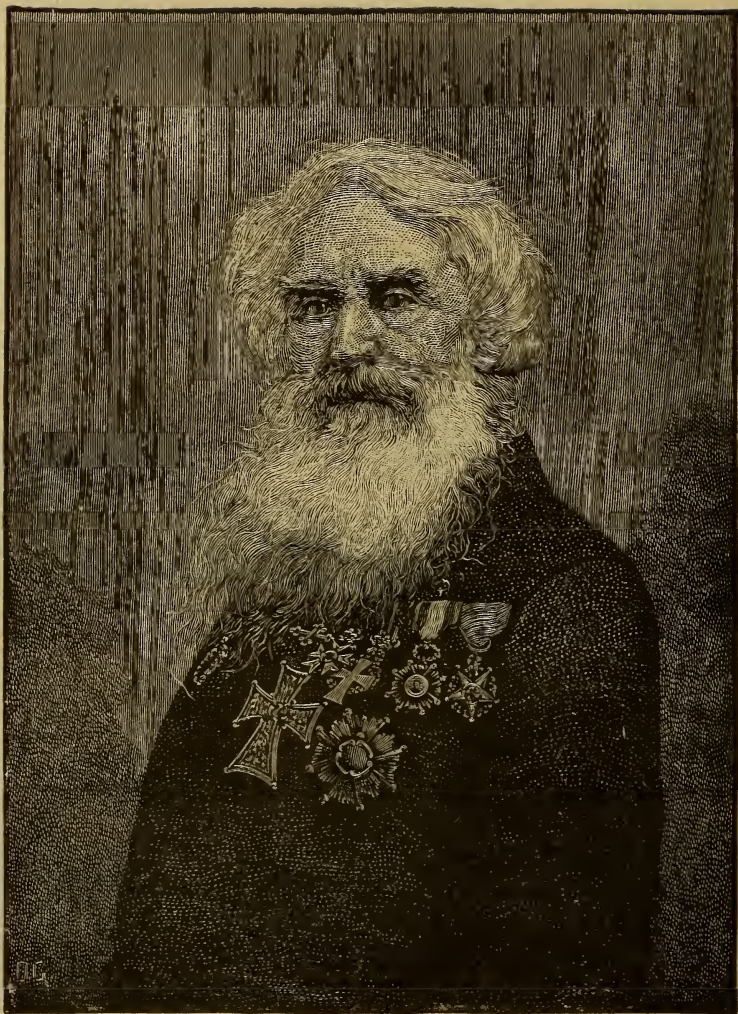
Creak! splash! went the paddles.

Hurrah! hurrah! away sped the old boat down the stream.

It was a proud and happy time for Robert; his heart beat as joyously

as it did years after when his steam boat, his own invention, went puffing down the Hudson before a staring crowd.





S. F. B. MORSE.

MAKING THE TELEGRAPH.

Once when Samuel Morse, a Massachusetts boy, was writing to his mother, three thousand miles away, he said, "I wish I could hear from you in an instant. We must wait four long weeks before we can hear from each other."

For years and years he studied and worked to find out a way to send messages instantly.

"That man is crazy," said one of his neighbors. "He is foolish," said

another. "Why does he not stick to his painting now that he has learned how to do it?" said a third.

But he kept on trying to make a telegraph.

His clothes were poor, he almost starved, he suffered with cold until his heart was almost broken.

"I cannot give up making a telegraph. I know I *can* make it," said he.

At last some one loaned him money to finish the machine.

It was tried.

Hurrah! the words dotted off at

one end of the wire were dotted off at the other end, too.

Then people forgot how they had laughed at this same man.

They cheered, they rang bells, they hired bands to play in the street, they formed in line with the children following on behind.

They went with the great man from place to place to his home, which was trimmed with flowers and ever-green, till it looked like a great garden.

“He has done a great thing for his country,” said the very people who had once mocked him.



ELI WHITNEY.

ELI WHITNEY.

Eli Whitney was a boy who lived in Revolutionary times.

“We must have more nails,” said the colonists; “we will pay a high price for them.”

“Father,” said Eli one day, “if you will buy me a few tools, I know I can make nails.”

His father laughed, but he remembered a violin the boy had just made with no help from any one, so he bought the tools.

Eli knew just how to go to work, for he had thought it all out weeks before.

The nails were made and sold.

When the war was over and nails were not so much needed, this boy made bonnet pins.

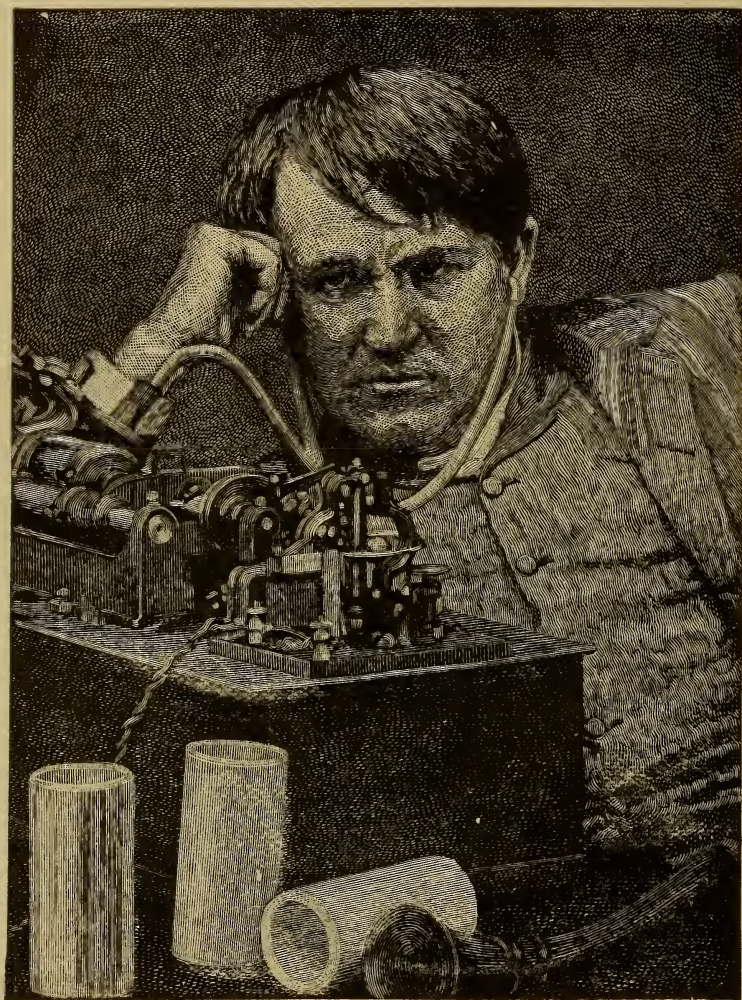
In his spare time he studied and read.

“Now I have made so much money that I can go to college,” he said; and he went. There he worked as hard as he did at making nails. He became a great and learned man.

He thought out and made a machine for picking cotton from the seed.



COTTON PLANT.



EDISON.

A BRIGHT NEWSBOY.

“Papers! Morning papers!

“Peanuts, five a bag!

“Apples! Apples!

“All the new songs!”

“What a bright newsboy!” “What a cheery voice!” said the passengers, smiling at the little merchant.

So hard did this boy work that he soon had four other boys under him selling peanuts and prize candy.

He read in odd moments. He exchanged some of his papers for jars

and chemical instruments. He hired or borrowed an old baggage car in which to place them.

“What a show they make!” said he, looking at them with shining eyes when they were set in rows along the old car.

“Hurrah! now I can try pouring one liquid into another. I can see if they will do just as the books say they will.”

“But suppose some one steals the jars of precious liquid?”

Thomas, for that was the boy's name, thought a moment. “I have it,”

said he to himself. "I will mark them all Poison."

Of course no one dared touch the jars after this, and Thomas had a grand time with them.

But he needed more money. So he bought some old type of a printer in Detroit, and started a paper in the old baggage car.

Everything went well until one day a jar upset and set the car on fire.

The conductor rushed in, threw the type and jars out of the window and gave Thomas a whipping.

The boy missed his treasures. It

was like a pain to wake up in the morning only to find them gone.

He was thinking about them one day and wondering what he should do next, when he caught sight of a little golden-haired girl on the track just ahead.

Thomas rushed out, caught her up and dragged her out of harm's way just as the train whizzed by.

As a reward, the little girl's father offered to teach him how to use the telegraph.

Thomas could hardly believe in his good luck. He had often made queer

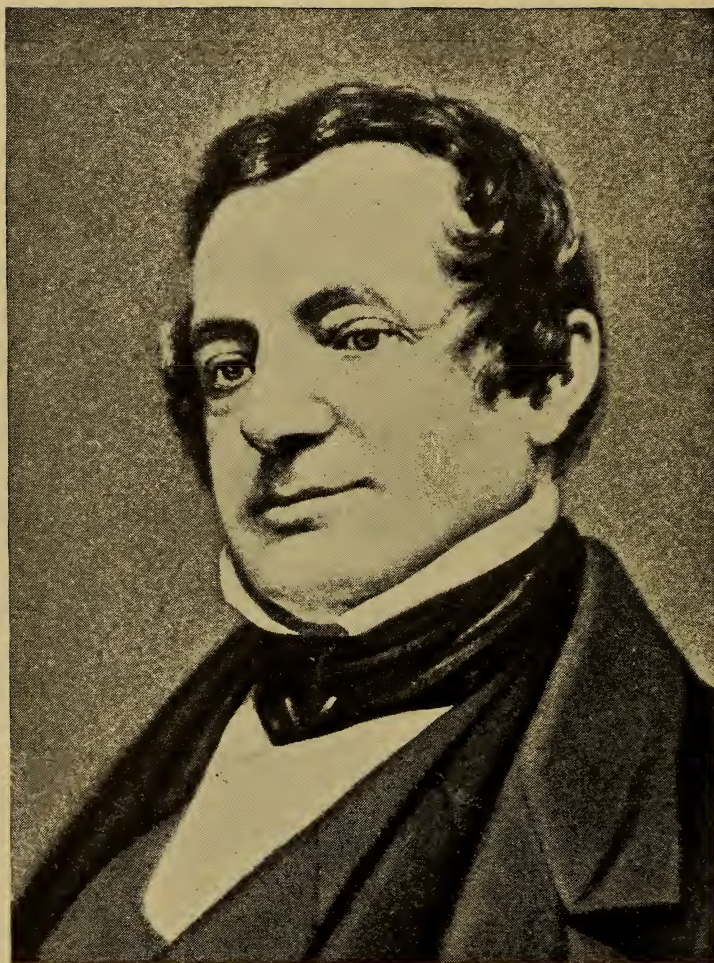
telegraph machines himself out of stove pipe, wire magnets and old rags, and sent messages on them to his boy friends in the next house.

Now he was to learn to send messages on a real machine.

After he had learned to write with the telegraph, he began to think how the instrument could be made better.

He is now the great man, Thomas A. Edison, who has made the electric light and the phonograph.

He is always "thinking out" some wonderful machine.



IRVING.

THE CHILD AND THE RIVER.

A river once spoke to a child's soul
No one ever knew just what the river
whispered to him.

"Now you and I know a secret,"
gurgled the river, running away with a
laugh.

All day long this river made pictures for the child: pictures with blue hills in them; pictures with high mountains peeping at their own faces in the water; pictures with sunny paths winding down to the water,

where the cattle came to drink; pictures with shady spots under green boughs; pictures with white sails skimming about on the blue water, with the blue sky over all.

The older the child grew the more the river taught him and the more he loved to hear the echoes roll along its banks.

The boy grew to be a man and tried to become a lawyer. But pictures and echoes came between him and the dull work.

He went to far away lands.

There he saw the most beautiful lakes and rivers and mountains.

He went among queens and lords and ladies.

“Oh, for one look at my own river,” thought he; “it is more beautiful than crowns or jewels or these foreign streams.”

He came home and tried to be a merchant, but failed.

“I must write or starve,” said he.

Then he wrote some of the thoughts the river had taught him.

Every one loved to read these thoughts.

“Since these things make men happier I will build me a home where

I can spend all my time writing of them," said he to himself.

So it came about that a pretty home pushed its peaks and gables up among the pines on the banks of the River Hudson.

"I will stay always by the river," said he, "for it makes me better and happier and wiser every day."

At last the writer's work was done.

"What a picture the river makes with the sunset on it," he said, and soon after fell asleep.

MEMORY GEMS.

Do thy duty, that is best,
Leave unto the Lord the rest.

Whene'er a task is set for you
Don't idly sit and view it,—
Nor be content to wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the long day
through.



COOPER.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

A STORY TELLER AMONG THE HILLS.

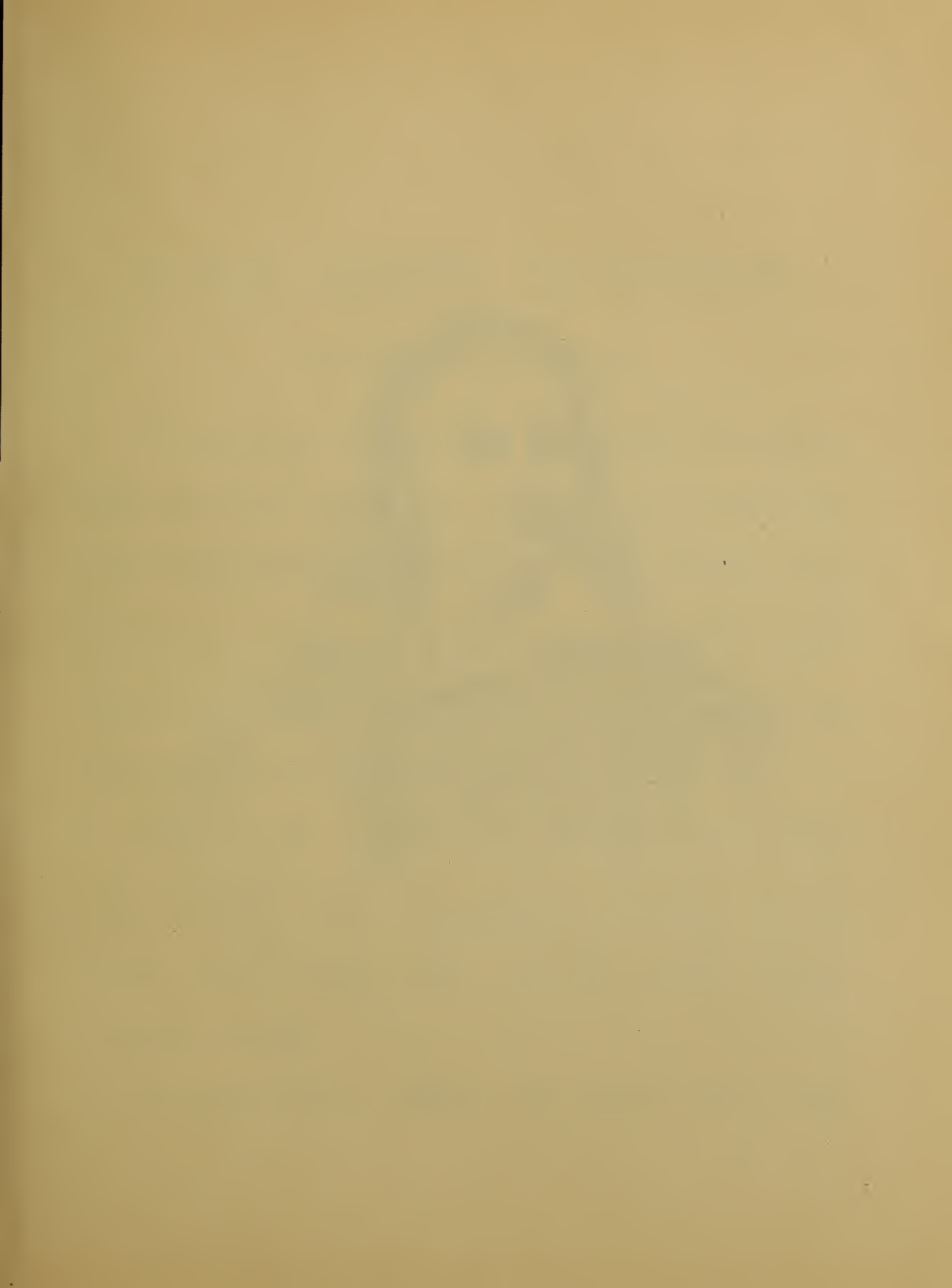
About the time that Washington was being made President, a little boy was born up among the hills of New York.

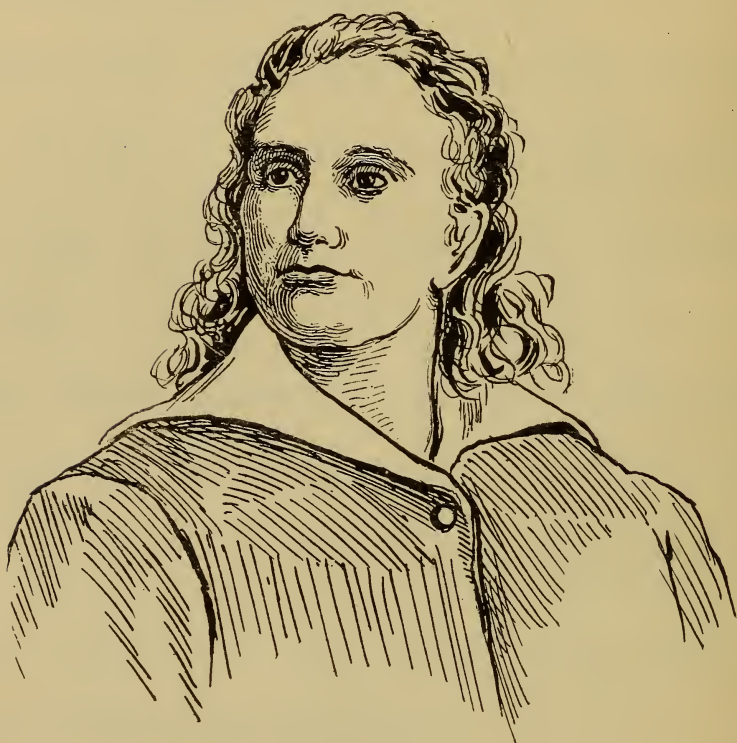
Woods were all about him, woods so deep that it was always twilight under the thick boughs; woods so overgrown with underbrush that it was hard to find a path through them; woods full of beavers and minks, wolves and deer, and even wildcats and bears.

There was a lake, too, fringed with oaks, beeches and pines, and peopled with ducks and loons.

This was just the spot for a story teller to grow up in, and a story teller this boy (James Fenimore Cooper) became.

He wrote stories of the Rev-o-lution, of the Indians and of the Colonists, stories of the dark forests and lonely rivers, of the deep sea and the brave American sailors.





AUDUBON.

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON.

AMONG THE BIRDS.

The trees with low hanging boughs, the leaves with the sunbeams shining through them, the birds, the bees, the locusts' song, were the first sights and sounds which this boy noticed as he hung in his cradle out of doors.

When he could run about and play he would stay for hours under some tree watching the birds and their pretty ways.

Sometimes, when he was yet very

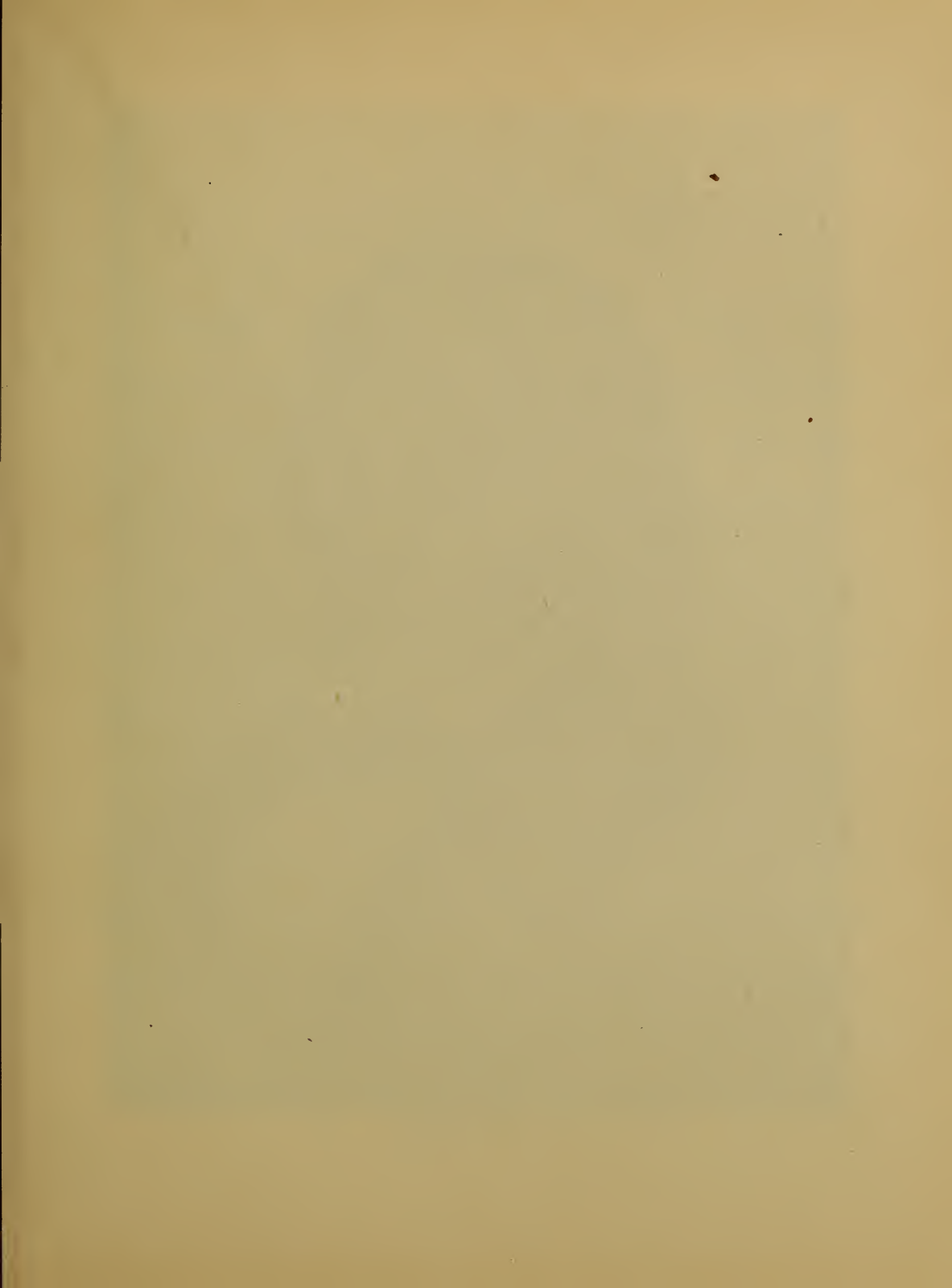
young, he dreamed of becoming a soldier.

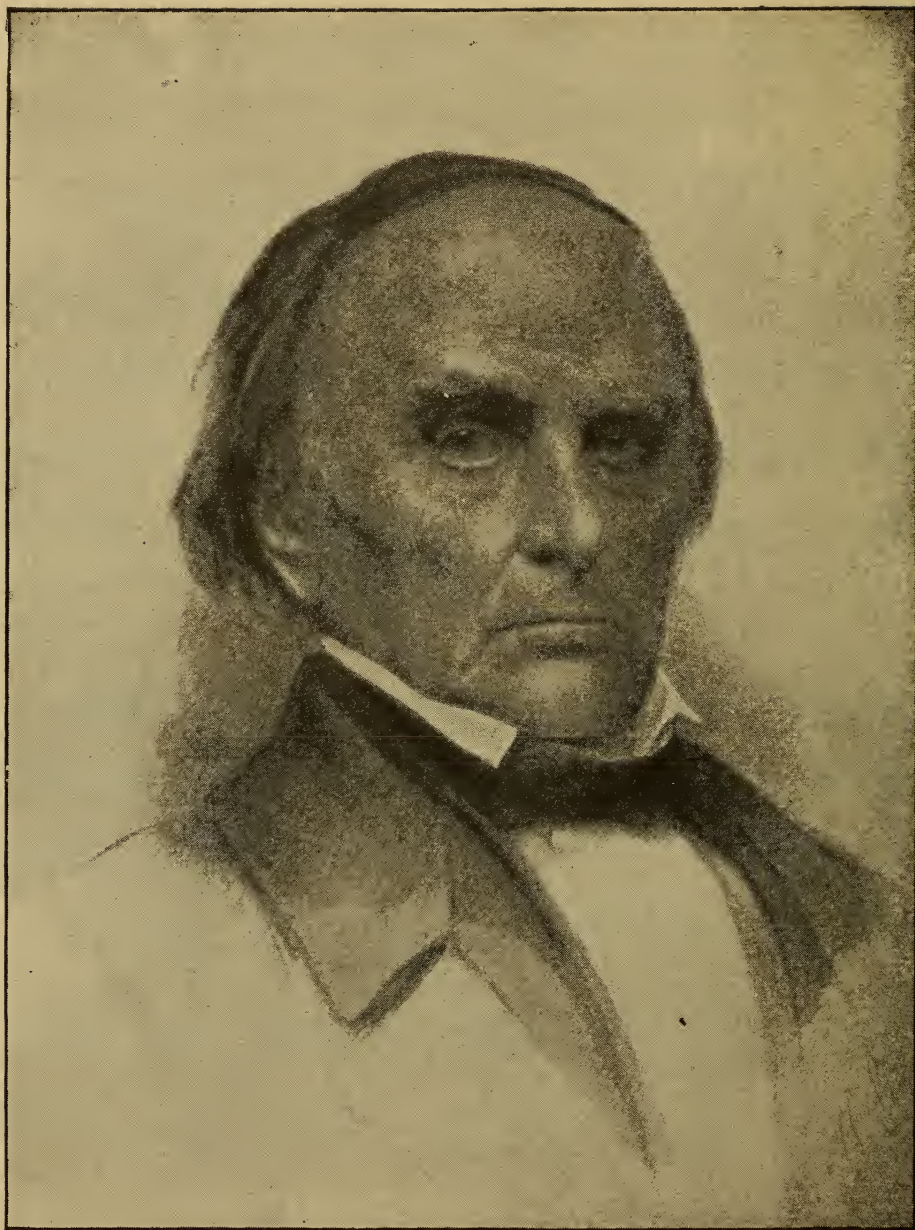
Then a mocking bird would let fall a few sweet notes.

“What do I care for swords or guns or noise or battle while there are birds? I will stay with them,” said he.

And he did; scarcely a day passed that he did not draw or write about some one of them.

Today his books and pictures of birds are known and read the world over.





DANIEL WEBSTER

THE JACK-KNIFE STORY.

Little Daniel Webster and his schoolmates were studying one morning as hard as they could when the master held up a beautiful new jack-knife.

Every boy looked up from his spelling book and said, "Oh!" under his breath.

"I will give this," said the master, "to the boy who will learn and recite to me the greatest number of verses from the Bible by Monday morning."

Monday morning came.

One boy recited twelve, another

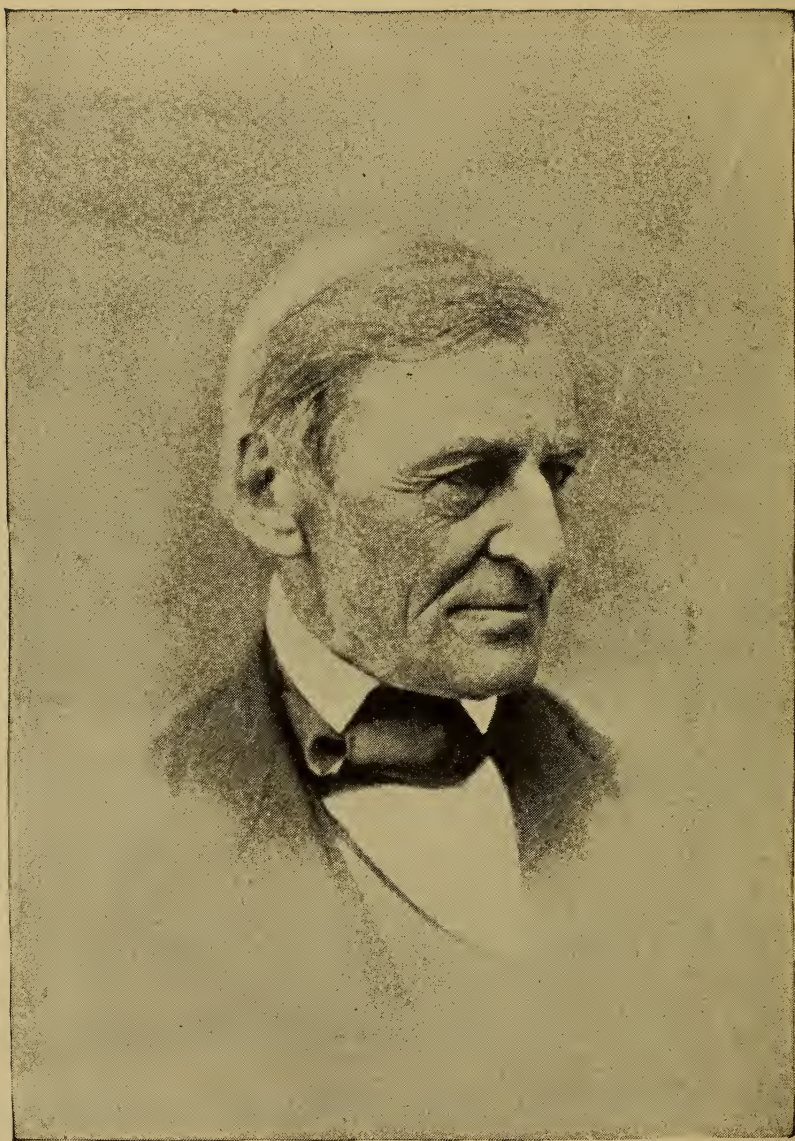
twenty-four verses, with eyes fixed on the shining jack-knife.

It was Daniel's turn at last. He recited verse after verse.

"Forty," counted the other boys with long faces, "fifty! sixty! seventy! seventy-five!"

No one ever knew just how many verses Daniel had learned for the master could spend no more time to hear them.

"You have won the knife, Daniel," said the master, while all the school clapped as loudly as in after years people cheered his great speeches.



EMERSON.

A LETTER TO AUNTIE.

Shut your eyes and imagine Boston a place of gardens and orchards and sunny hills.

Imagine a gambrel-roofed wooden house in the midst of an orchard and garden.

In this house, on the 25th of May, 1803, Ralph Waldo Emerson was born.

The spot where the house stood was a fine one for play; there were sheds and woodhouses, and open ground for playing ball and other games.

There was even a pond where a boy might try his first skates; and near by were the sea and the wharves.

I am afraid little Ralph Waldo was not allowed to play very often, for he never owned a sled and would stand inside his own gate, wistfully watching "the rude boys in the street" and wondering what they were like.

He was put to his studies when he was only three years old and seemed to live all by himself in a world of thoughts.

Here is a letter which he wrote when he was only ten years old and which

I will let you read because it opens a little window on his childhood.

Boston, April 16, 1813.

Dear Aunt:—

I am much obliged to you for your kind letter. I mean now to give you an account of what I commonly do in one day.

Friday, 9th, I choose for the day of telling what I did. In the morning I rose, as I commonly do, about five minutes before six.

I then helped William in making the fire, after which I set the table for Prayers.

I then called mamma about quarter after six.

We spell as we did before you went away . . . after which we eat our breakfast; then I have from quarter after seven till eight to play or read.

I think I am rather inclined to the former.

I then go to school, where I hope I can say I study more than I did a little while ago.

I am in another book called Vergil.

. . .

After this school (The Latin School) I go to Mr. Webb's private

school, where I write and cipher. I go to this place at eleven and stay till one o'clock. After this, when I come home I eat my dinner, and at two . . . I (go again) to the Latin School.

After I come home I do mamma her little errands; . . . then I bring in my wood for the breakfast room.

I then have time to play and eat my supper.

After that we say our hymns and chapters and then take our turns in reading Rollins . . .

I go (to bed) at a little after eight and retire to my private devotions, and then close my eyes in sleep.

- Your most dutiful nephew,

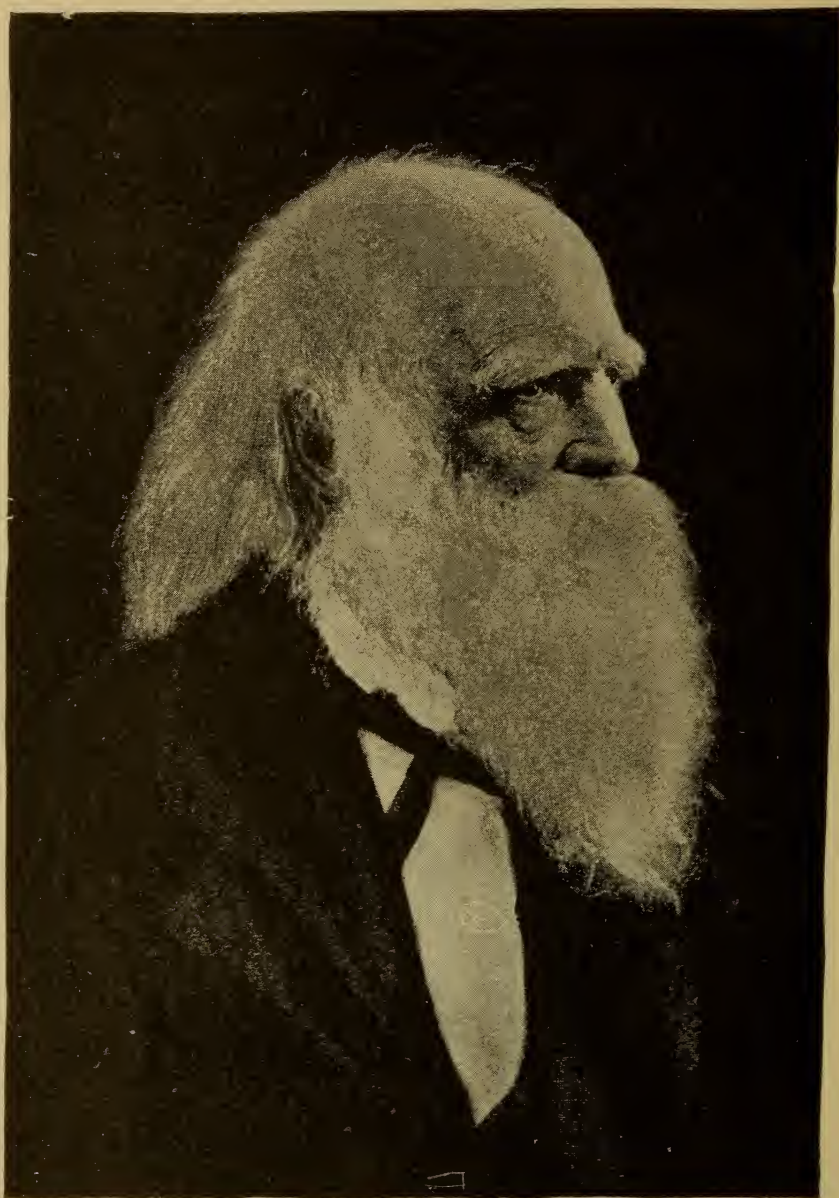
R. Waldo Emerson.

Poor little fellow! must they not have been very sleepy, tired eyes?

He grew to be a great man, a poet, an essayist and a philosopher.



EMERSON HOUSE, CONCORD, MASS.



BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

This boy's brother and himself used to read the Iliad together.

How grand were the old Greek heroes! So much did the boys think of the story that they often dreamed of it at night.

To them the clouds looked like armor clad knights in chariots, driving down the air. To them the rushing wind sounded like an oncoming host

of Greeks, and the rattling hail like the clashing of their swords.

“Let us play warrior;” said William one day when the boys were in the barn.

So every bit of board, every old box and barrel they could find was made into helmet or shield, spear or sword; even hats were made from the lighter pieces and trimmed with flaunting plumes.

Dressed in these the boys fought again the battles of the heroes of olden time.

But William liked the lines and beautiful words of the poet even better

than he did the heroes and their brave deeds. He dreamed of them day and night.

“Please, God, make me a poet,” he prayed every night before he fell asleep.

This boy lived in the days of corn-huskings and apple-bees, when there were wide stretches of field and forest.

Better than anything else he loved the sunset or sunrise, the shifting seasons or the changing lights and shadows on the fields and hills.

His prayer was answered. He became a poet.

Few could write more beautifully
than he of the birds or the flowers.

Here is a pretty verse he wrote
about a bobolink and his family:—

“ Merrily swinging on brier and weed,
Near to the nest of his little dame,
Over the mountain side or mead,

Robert of Lincoln is telling his name:

Bob-o'-link, Bob-o'link,

Spink, spank, spink :

Snug and safe in that nest of ours
Hidden among the summer flowers,
Chee, chee, chee.”



HAWTHORNE

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Nathaniel Hawthorne lived in Salem, in the days when many trading vessels went back and forth between our country and Europe.

His father was captain of one of these ships which sailed from Salem.

Nathaniel was a bright eyed, handsome little fellow, fond of watching the ships and shipping in the harbor, or of building air castles for himself while he walked, or lay under a tree in the

garden, and read Grandma's "Pilgrims' Progress."

He loved his kitty so much that while he was keeping quiet with a lame foot he knit her a pair of stockings.

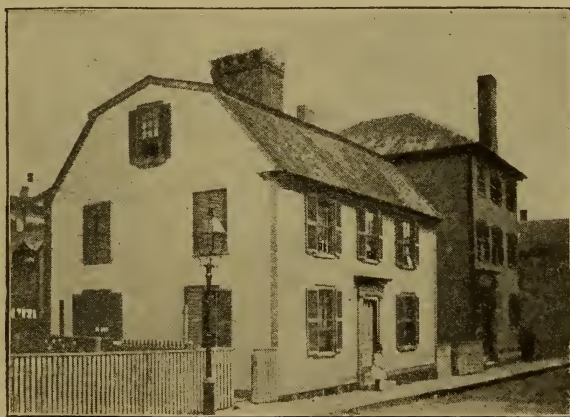
He was a lively boy for all this, and once soundly whipped a saucy schoolmate.

Here is a letter which he wrote to his mother.

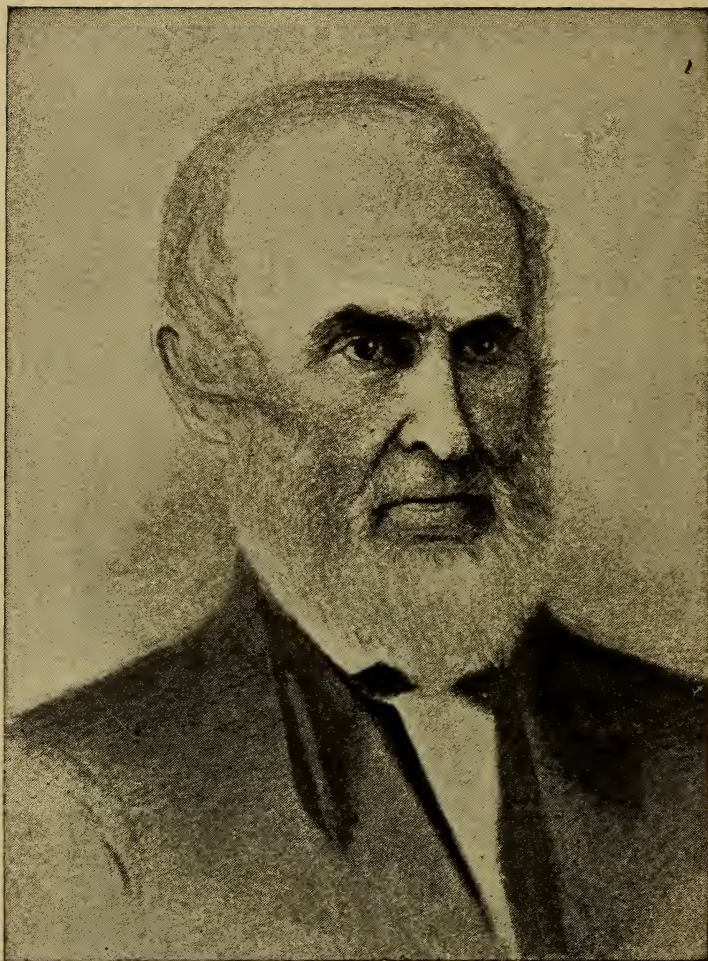
DEAR MOTHER:—

I do not want to be a doctor and live by men's diseases, nor a minister and live by their sins, nor a

lawyer and live by their quarrels, so I don't see that there is anything left for me to do but to become an author. How would you like some day to see a whole shelf full of books with "Hawthorne's Works" printed on their backs?



HAWTHORNE HOUSE, SALEM, MASS.



WHITTIER

ABOUT WHITTIER.

Whittier's first home was the nicest place in the world in which to be a boy.

There were hills and valleys, there were woods and a blue lake, there was a gay garden with a pretty little brook at one end.

There were apples and cherries, too, sheep and cows, horses and oxen, hens and chickens, turkeys and ducks; there was a wide sunny barn in which to romp and climb.

On Sundays, if there was not room in the great chaise to take all the family to church, John and his brother were left to climb about the hills, gather flowers and listen to God's voice in the pines.

One morning John was driving the cattle up the dewy lane. He let down the bars with a clatter.

"Why am I not like the cattle?" thought he. "I must do something in the world. God has made me for something."

He soon found his work.

When he became an old man and

had written poems that made the world brighter for every one, he bought a new home which he named Oak Knoll.

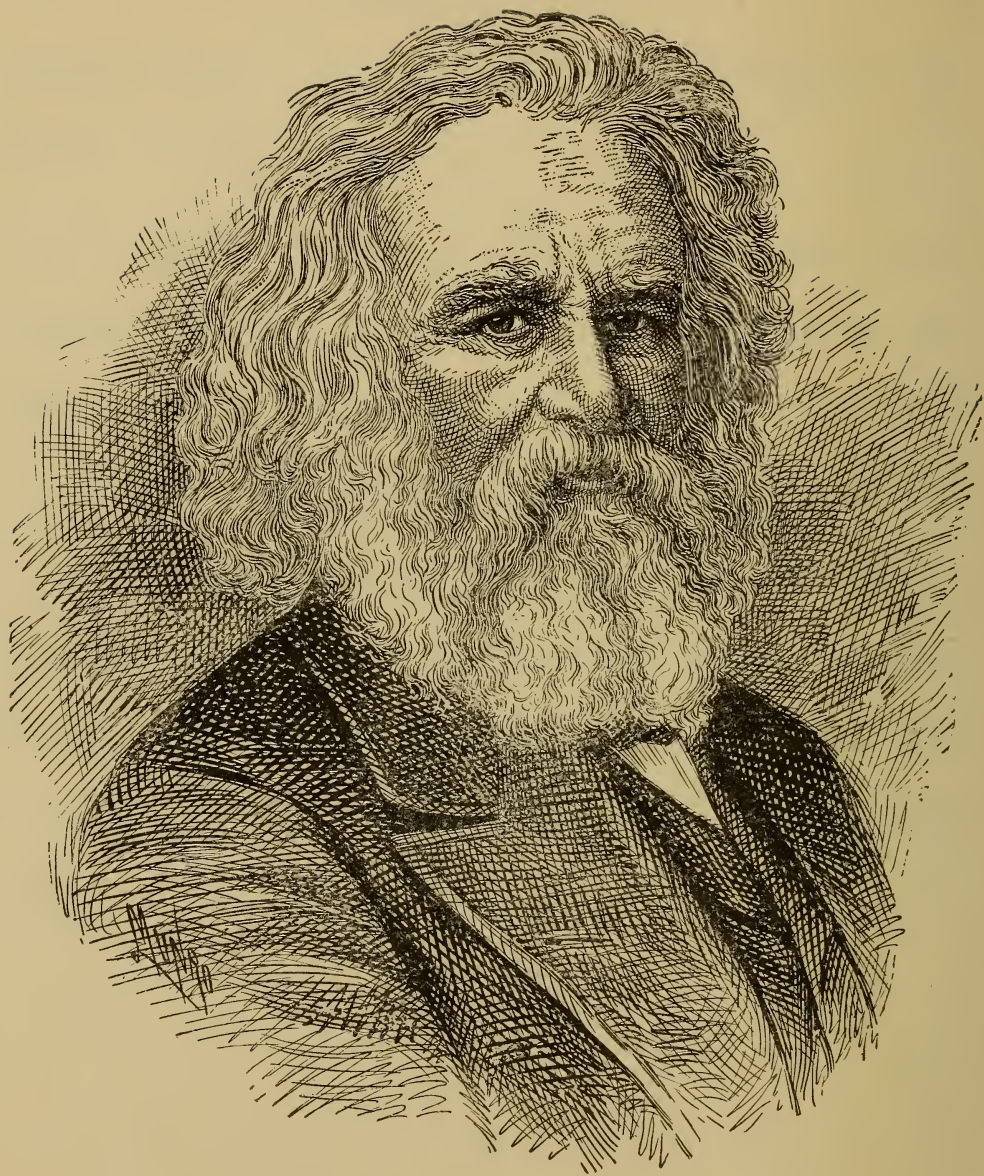
There were wide sunny windows in this home; there were great oaks near the door—and the pets!

There was a mocking bird who could cry Whit-ti-er, Whit-ti-er; there was a squirrel who loved to dive into the poet's pockets for nuts and sit on the poet's coat collar to crack and eat them.

There was a saucy parrot. There was Robin Adair, a big, sober shep-

herd dog; there was Jack-a-napes, a little, frisky dog; and there were some little girls who loved to sit on the poet's knee or make doll houses or play horse with him.

When the poet's life work was done and he lay down to rest, the children gathered flowers to lay all about him, and little barefoot boys, like the one he wrote about, came in to look upon his face.



LONGFELLOW

A BOY'S THOUGHTS.

“Little child, what are you thinking of?”

“I am thinking of the robin and the orchard tree, of the cooing doves on the barn roof and the shadows in the wood.

“Of the sea as it beats against the rocks. Of the islands out there in the sea. Do the sea fairies play there? Are the stars I saw falling lying there on the green?”

“Yesterday the rainbow dipped one end among those trees.”

This child liked to fly a kite, throw a ball, romp in the wood or swim in the creek on sunny days.

But one sad day he shot a robin.

“Oh, Robin, Robin! Will you never sing again?” cried the child.

“Wake little Robin; see my tears fall on your breast. Your poor bleeding head is against my cheek.

“Do wake, little Robin and I will never harm you again.”

But Robin's life could not come back.

“I will never shoot another bird,” sobbed the child, and he never did.

This tender-hearted child grew to be a tender-hearted man. Every one loved him and read his poems.

One birthday, when the poet's hair was gray, he heard the children coming up his stairs, and what do you think they had brought for him?

A beautiful chair made from the wood of a chestnut tree about which he had once written.



LINCOLN'S EARLY HOME

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A KIND-HEARTED BOY.

NOTE: While Abraham Lincoln was growing up great things came to pass in our country. A canal was made between the Hudson river and the Great Lakes; while he was splitting rails to fence his father's farm people in Massachusetts were laying the railway between Boston and Lowell (the first one to be finished). Southern people invented a machine for cleaning cotton, and some wise men made machines for spinning and weaving cloth.

Abraham Lincoln was born in Kentucky and lived in a rude cabin

One November day when the winds were rattling down the nuts and acorns and chasing the dead leaves, Abra-

ham's father took his family to Indiana.

In those days Indiana was a wild wood.

The new home was only a sort of log camp, with one side open to the weather, but it was near a cool bubbling spring shaded by forest trees.

Here little Abraham learned from his mother how to write and read and later went to school in a rough log school-house.

When he was a lad he loved to make speeches; he would stand on the stump of some fallen tree and speak,

while his schoolmates clapped their hands and shouted.

“He can talk like a minister,” said one.

“Throw this at him!” said another, holding up a turtle by the tail.

The poor turtle fell at Abraham’s feet, crushed and in pain.

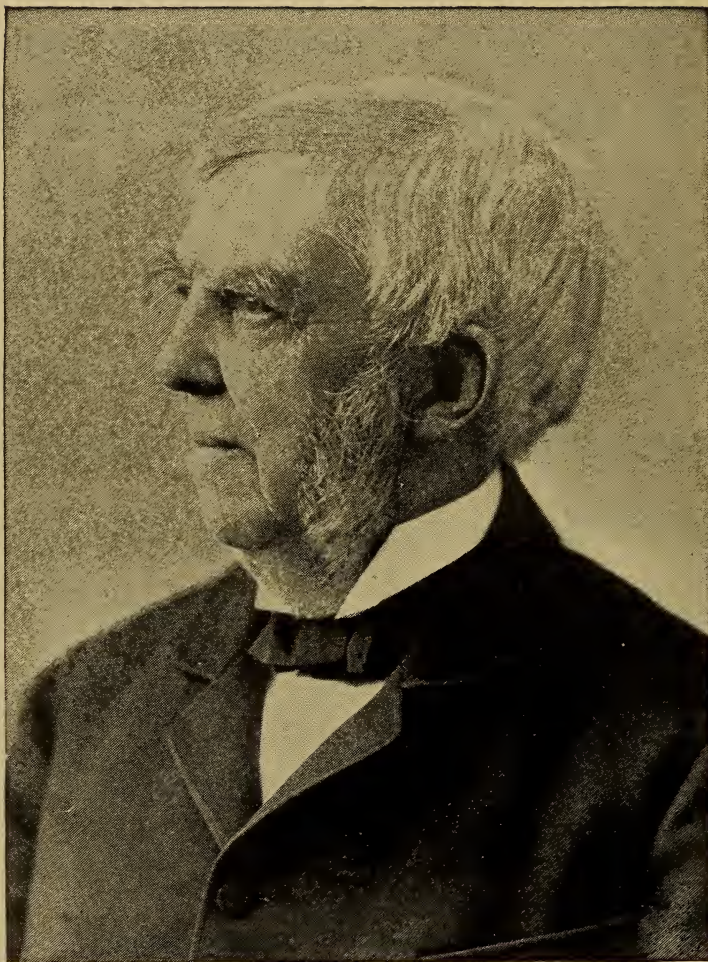
“Shame on you, cowards, to hurt this poor creature!” cried Lincoln, his eyes blazing with anger and filling with tears.

“We will take him back to the stream and take care of him,” said the boys, ashamed of the cruel trick.

Once when Abraham was a young man he had to drive a cart and cattle across an icy stream; in the hurry a little dog was left behind.

“Poor little thing, I cannot bear to see it in distress, I will bring it,” said Abraham, and he waded barefoot through the cold water to where doggie was “crying” with all her might.

And doggie nestled down in the kind arms that carried her so tenderly, looking up now and then with a look which said as plainly as could be, “I wish you all honor and success, young man.”



HOLMES

A JOLLY LITTLE FELLOW.

In Cambridge, Massachusetts, there is a queer old almanac for 1809.

In this almanac, opposite the date Aug. 29th, is written "Son born."

This son was Oliver Wendell Holmes, one of the brightest, merriest boys that ever dwelt in a minister's home.

He and his brother John romped in the fields or under the great elms in front of their home; on rainy days they frolicked in the library or read any

of the books they chose or listened to the sober ministers who often came to talk with their father.

They loved to work out in the garden among the pinks and daffodils and lilacs, or hoe among the radishes and beets and watch their growth.

Oliver was a timid little fellow, afraid to go to bed in the dark, afraid of the old chairs piled up in the dark store-room which looked, he said, as though they had huddled together and climbed up on each others' backs because they were scared; he was afraid of the ships with their tall

masts; and the glovemaker's sign!—he could never look at the great hand without a shudder. There it hung, he says, “ready to catch up a little boy” and never let him go home again.

But no strange or wonderful thing happened to Oliver.

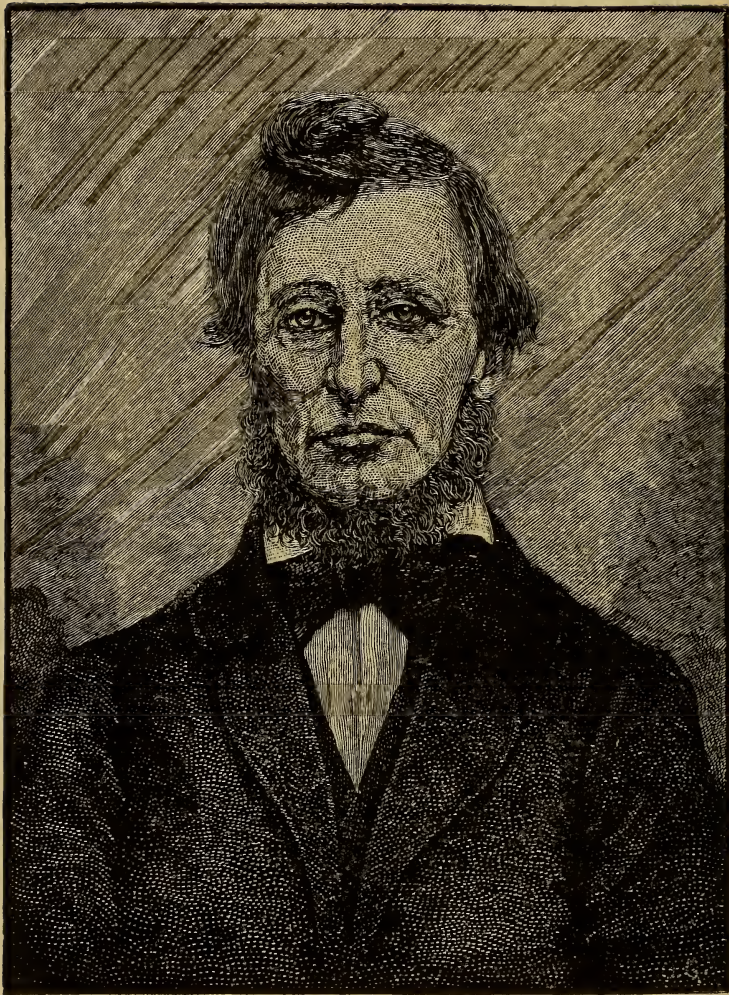
He was just a happy, healthy, sunny-hearted little boy who grew to be a happy, healthy, sunny-hearted man.

He became a poet, a novelist and one of the cheeriest doctors that ever set foot in a sick room, whose smiles

and droll sayings did as much good as his medicine.

A servant girl once said to him, "I fear you must climb two flights of stairs to reach the sick room; do you mind it?"

"No! No! ha, ha, ha!" laughed the good natured doctor, "I shall have to climb more than that before I can reach the angels."



THOREAU

STUDYING OUT OF DOORS.

The river! What charms it had for the Thoreau children!

There were the flowers and birds on its mossy banks; there were the boats, just big enough for two little boys to paddle about in, resting lazily on the blue water.

There were wonderful colors and hues in the water and sky when the sun was setting. There were large boats, too, which seemed to the children to come from some far off fairy land,

only to float away into the mist of another.

Indians, too, sometimes camped on the river banks, Indians who cooked and ate and wove baskets after their own strange fashion, but who were never known to harm little boys or girls.

So much did Henry Thoreau love this river that he could not be coaxed to leave it for long at a time.

When he became a man he loved it, and all the living growing things in and about it, as well as ever.

He knew every bird's note, every flower's time for blossoming, every

locust that “zipped” in the long grass. Turtles, frogs and even snakes were not afraid of him.

For long hours he would sit without moving on some stone or stump in the field or forest to study the habits of some little creature at his feet. People said, “Either the bees tell him secrets or he tells the bees.”

He built him a little hut in the woods by Walden Lake where he could study and write about these things all he liked.

It is like a walk in the woods to read one of his books.

When a boy he was a proud little fellow, and the soul of honor.

Some one lost a pocket knife.

“Have you stolen it, Henry?”

“I did not take it,” said Henry.

“You were near it when I left it.”

“I did not take it,” said Henry.

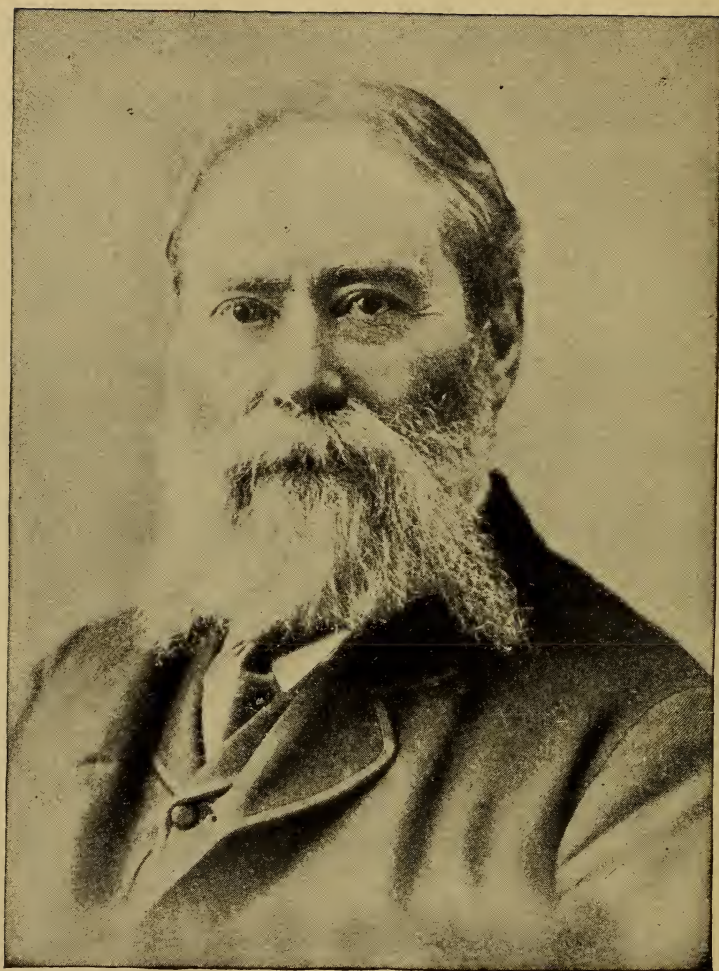
“Do you know who did take it?”

“I did not take it,” said Henry, and that was all he would say about it.

By and by the thief was found out.

“Why did you not tell me you saw him take it?” said the first boy.

“I did not take it,” said Henry proudly.



LOWELL

JAMES RUSSEL LOWELL.

There was a nook in the home at Elmwood which of all the nooks at the farm seemed the best to this boy.

It was a wide, sunny field at the back of the house. Willows, poplars, maples and pines grew all around it; the dearest birds flew about and sang in it; the gayest flowers bloomed in it

What fun it was to lie at full length there in the tall grasses and watch the shadows chase the sunbeams or the sunbeams the shadows—which it was,

the boy could never quite make up his mind.

There were so many joys to be had in this nook!

Such music! such pictures! such fairy stories! told by the brook, and the birds, and the flowers, and the sky together that he never wearied of the spot not even when he had become a man.

The birds and butterflies seemed to think the boy one of their playmates for he never startled them.

One day there was a great fluttering in a nest on a high limb.

“Pip! pip!” cried a mother robin.
What can be the matter?

In less time than it takes to read about it their good friend had mounted to a ladder and peeped into the nest.

There were two baby birds grown old enough to fly, tied fast by a bit of cord which had been woven into the sides of the nest.

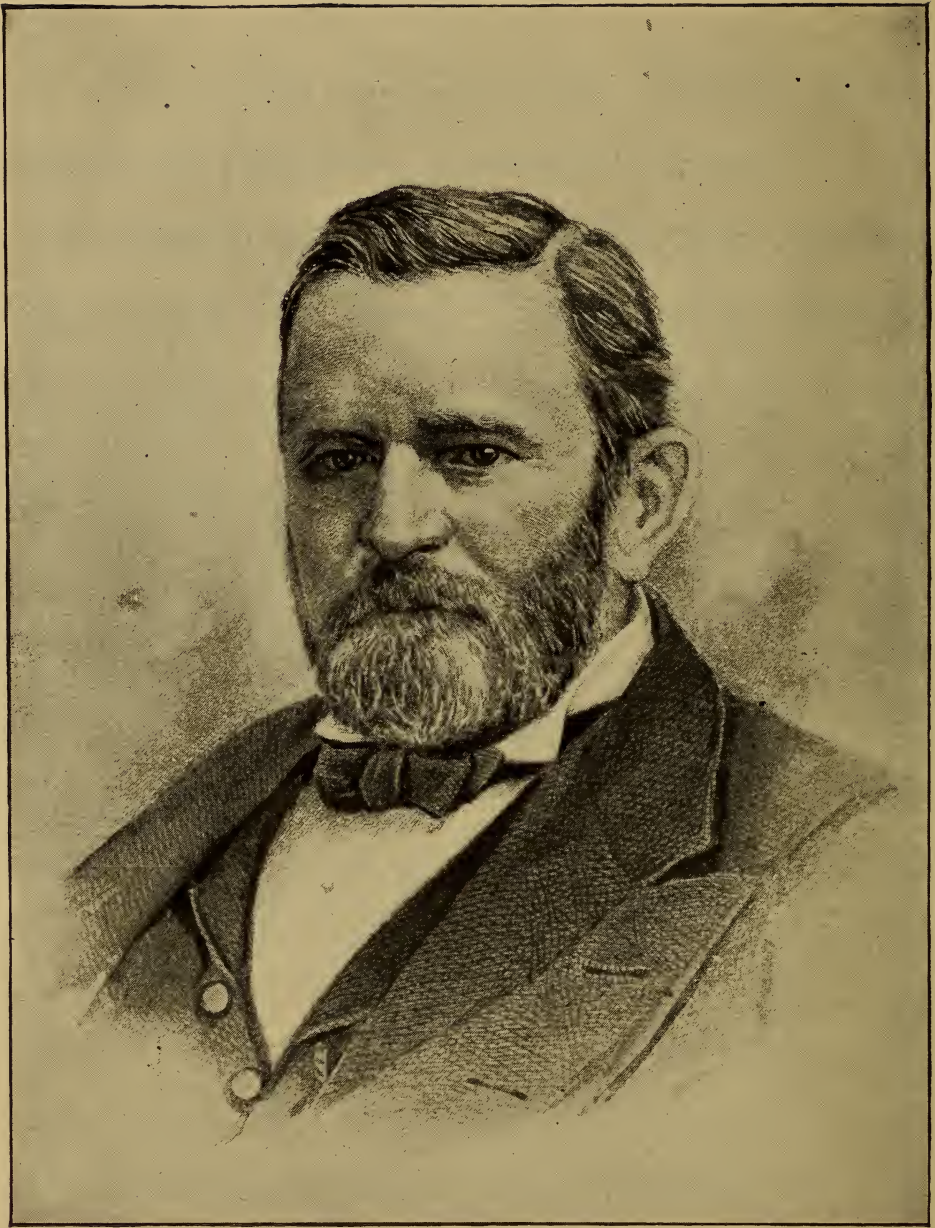
“Pip! pip!” cried the mother bird.

“Peep! peep!” wailed the babies.

“There you are!” cried their friend when he had cut the cruel cord, and away the babies flew on their first journey.

“Pip, pip, thank you, thank you,”
cried the happy Mamma Robin.

I know you will guess that such a
boy grew to be a great poet with a
heart as sunny as the field he once
loved to play in.



GRANT

FIGHTING BATTLES.

“I must break all this bark into tiny bits! what a hard task for a boy! but I will fight through it!” said Ulysses Grant, working away in his father’s tannery.

By and by he was sent to West Point that he might learn to be a soldier.

How the boys laughed at his coat!

“Who is your tailor?” cried they, for his clothing was all home made.

“I must fight through it,” said

young Grant, and he did; not with blows and hard words, but with courage and good nature.

“No one can quarrel with Grant,” said the boys; he is as good natured as the sun itself.”

After the war with Mexico, Grant was very poor.

“I must fight poverty now,” said he.

He bound wheat, he plowed, he gathered corn side by side with the negroes. He built a rude log house and moved his family into it.

Dark days came to our country; the North and the South took up

arms against each other. The North said the new states must be free states; that no slaves should be sold in them.

The South said they must not be free.

Each believed itself to be right and there were true brave hearts in both North and South.

Lincoln, sad and anxious, sat in the president's chair.

I need a firm, brave general for the North," said he.

By and by Grant was brought in. The two shook hands. "Thank God, I have a general at last," said Lincoln.

Many cruel battles were before this new general.

The North grumbled because he did not work more rapidly.

The South cried out at his cruelty, but he did what he believed to be right.

“I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer,” said he, shutting his lips firmly.

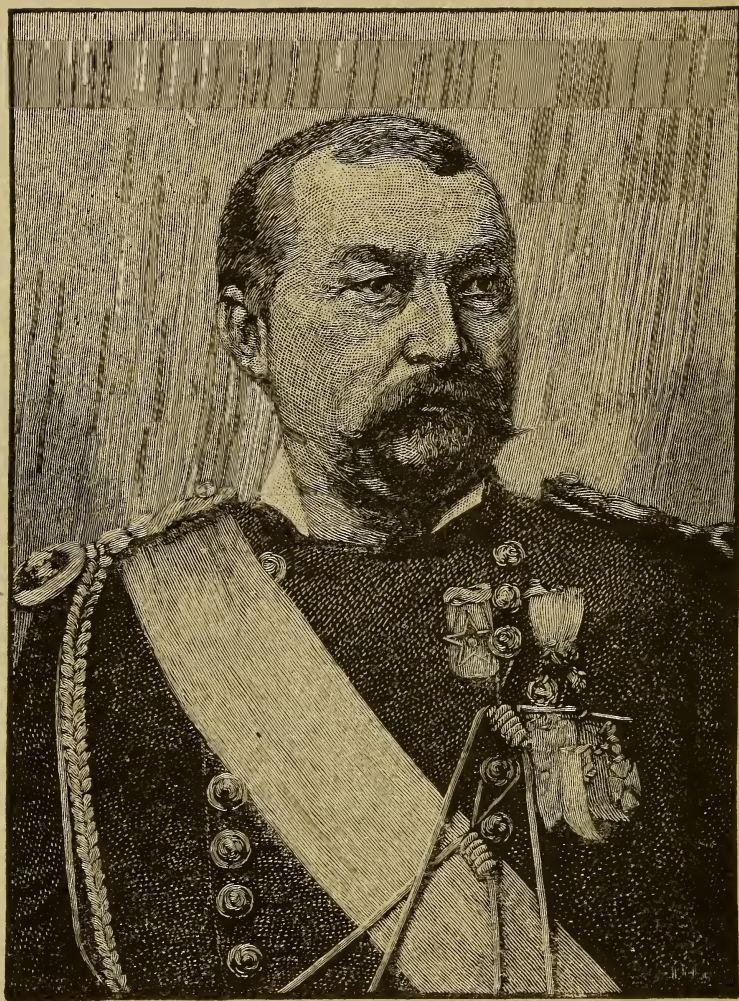
War once over, Grant was praised and feasted and petted; then he was made president.

Now people found fault with him until his heart was almost broken, but he did what he believed to be right.

When he fought with disease and death he was the same brave, patient hero of many battles. Grant was like a firm rock unmoved by any storm.

Did you ever see such a rock in some bleak spot sheltering little violets from the wind? Grant dearly loved his own little violets.

His soldiers saw him one day, shedding tears over a print of his baby's hand in a letter from home.



GEN. PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

LITTLE PHILIP SHERIDAN'S FIRST RIDE.

Little five-year-old Phil Sheridan was playing near his home one day when two older boys came by.

“How would you like a ride?” said they.

“Very much,” said Phil, peeping through the fence at a horse which was grazing on the hillside.

“Come on then,” said the boys.

Then they caught Phil up and sat him on the horse's back.

With a toss and a snort the horse was off; he bounded over fences, he ran down the street, up hill, down dale, away, away in such a cloud of dust that the boys could scarcely see him.

“Whoa! whoa!” they shouted with pale faces, but the horse took no heed; he was far beyond the reach of their voices though they ran at their best speed.

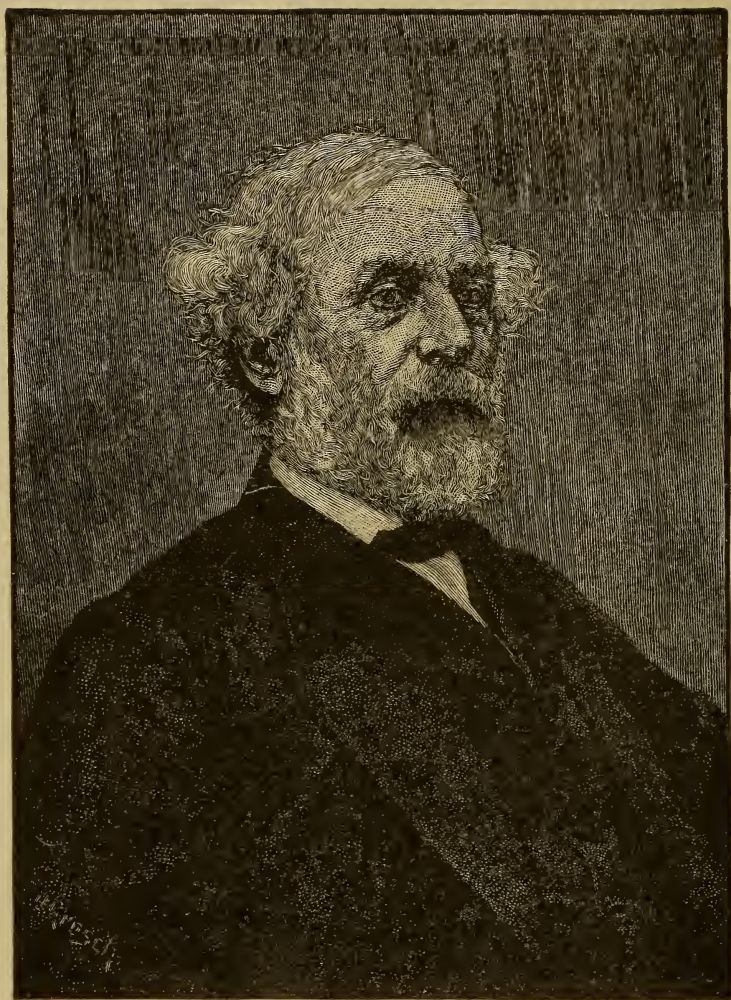
“The little fellow will be killed!” shrieked the boys. “What shall we do?”

And little Phil? He neither cried for fear, nor even called to the horse to

stop; he just held on with his knees and hands and thought it all fine sport.

The horse kept on until he came to a stable which he knew, when he trotted up to the bin and began to eat.

Kind people in the house took care of the brave little rider and sent him safely home next day.



GEN. ROBERT E. LEE

THE GENERAL AND THE SPARROW.

In Virginia, on a bluff which looks down upon the Potomac River, stands a fine old country house.

A little boy named Robert E. Lee was born there in January, 1807.

With his white-haired negro nurse this boy loved to play under the great trees or romp on the hills, or to follow the cattle and listen to the sound of the river.

He grew to be a great and dashing commander—brave as the bravest and true as the truest to what he believed right.

With all his courage he was tender and gentle as a woman.

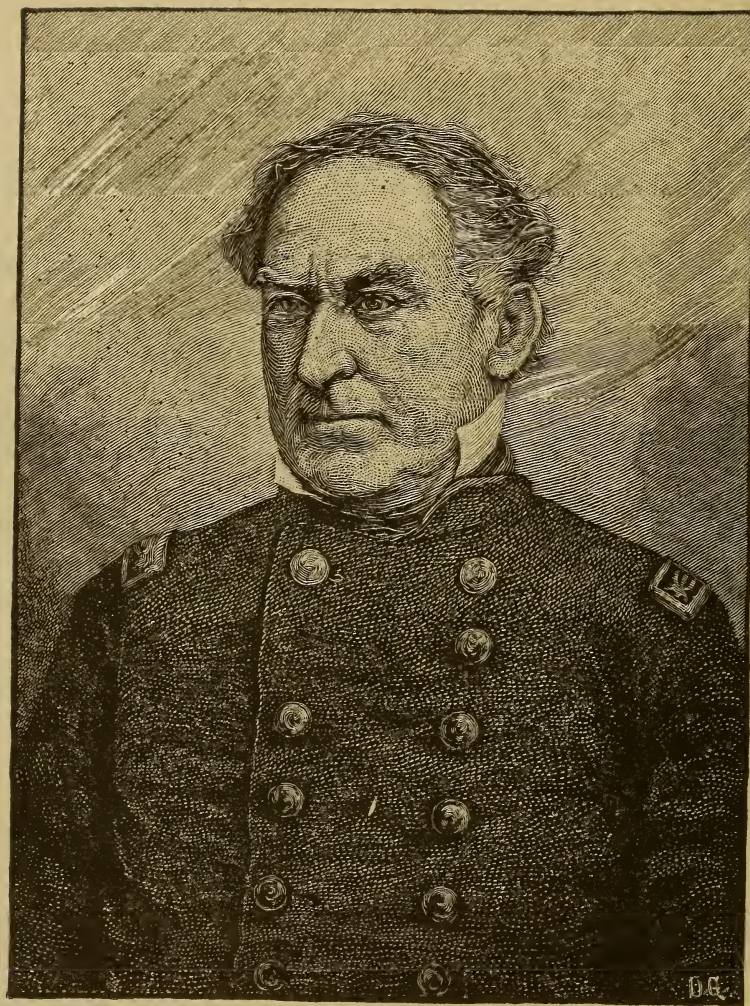
In June, 1864, the people of Virginia were trying to save their beloved city, Petersburg. Robert E. Lee was in command.

“Go back! go back!” he cried to some soldiers who had gone too near danger for love of him, their commander.

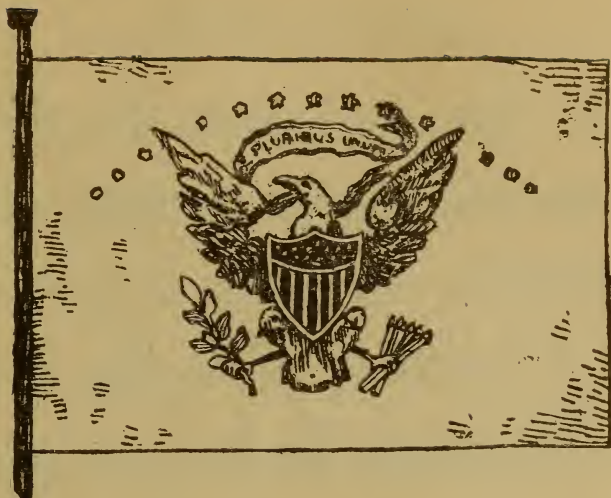
Shot and shell were falling and

bursting everywhere, when the great man caught sight of a young sparrow in the trampled grass.

Without a thought for himself, he stepped forward into the enemy's fire, picked up the baby sparrow and set her tenderly in the home nest.



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT



ONE CHRISTMAS EVE.

Have you ever heard how Admiral Farragut, when only a little boy, helped to shed glory on the flag?

When he was only nine years old he was put to hard work upon a man-of-war. No plums nor candy, no marbles nor tops, no long, lazy summer days in the fields and woods, no sleigh rides nor Christmas trees for this boy.

Every day he must do the same duties, see the same people, hear the same orders.

One Christmas Eve his ship was sent to Newport, R. I.

“Hark to the wind!” cried the sailors. “We can never reach the harbor.”

“Let go the anchor!” was the cry.

The anchor was dropped into the sea, but it could not hold the wind-driven ship.

“Let go another anchor.”

A second anchor was dropped, but the two together could not hold the ship.

“Let go another anchor!”

Still another anchor was dropped, but the ship dragged the whole of them and went ashore.

She tipped to one side.

Her masts were blown away; her deck was covered with ice. One man was frozen. No one expected to live out the night.

But the gale died away at last; the ship was righted and went on her way bearing the little boy who had been as brave as a man through all the danger, and who was one day to be a great naval hero.

Once our little hero's ship was filled with prisoners who planned to kill the commander and take the vessel for themselves.

In the night the boy heard a soft footstep beside his hammock.

He peered through the darkness. There stood one of the prisoners with a pistol in his hand!

Little Farragut's heart beat very fast, but he lay quite still as if asleep.

The armed man moved away to the next hammock.

In a twinkling Farragut slipped from

his bed and hurried away to tell the captain.

“Fire! fire!” cried the captain.

In a moment all hands were on deck and knew what was the trouble.

So startled were the prisoners at the cry of fire that they were easily caught and made safe.



ADMIRAL GEORGE DEWEY

A VERMONT BOY.

"I am here, sister, you need not be afraid," says little George Dewey, one bright summer day; and sister is helped over the slippery stones of the river.

"You can bait the hooks," says the young fisherman, unwinding his lines, and sitting down on a mossy stone.

The wind sighs around them, the leaves rustle above them, the river laughs in its own bright way at them, for not a fish bites.

"Let's play Robinson Crusoe; you can be my man Friday," says the boy

and away the children go up among the hills in search of a nice "desert island."

The boy has such bright black eyes and such a brave high spirit, and does his work so well, that his papa often calls him "My little hero."

One day in winter, when the snow lay deep on the Vermont hills around his home, this little hero made up his mind to play Hannibal.

Sister would play, too; they wrapped themselves in their warmest cloaks and scrambled through the great drifts, playing they were climbing the Alps.

“I shall not go back until I have climbed the highest hill,” said the boy.

Poor little sister went too, though she was ill for days afterward.

“I shall not go back until I conquer,” said Admiral George Dewey in the spring of 1898, when he sailed into Manila Bay.

He kept on with his brave ships past forts, through channels, over torpedoes, until he conquered.

Then he, who once was papa’s “Little Hero,” became a real hero whom every one was delighted to see or read about.

THE PLYMOUTH CHILDREN.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

(In Plymouth, 1621.)

“Will the corn come up? God will help us,” said the Plymouth people hopefully at planting time.

“Will the corn grow? God will help us,” again said the Plymouth people when dry weather came.

And God did help them. Showers and sunshine came to bless the corn

till it stood full and ripe in the autumn sunshine.

“Thank God! Thank God!” said the Pilgrims. “We will rejoice together over our stores of corn; we will have a feast.”

Then such busy times as there were! The men went into the woods to kill deer and turkeys.

The women (only four of them with one servant and a few young girls) began the cooking.

There would be one hundred and twenty men, ninety of them Indians, and a few women and children to sit

down to the feast. And the feast would last three days!

How the children's eyes danced with joy!

They had been half starved or made ill by poor food. They had been lost in the dark woods; they had met wolves that "sat on their tails and grinned at them."

But now they were to have a real feast!

"The feast begins to-day," cried the children, watching the sun peep over the tree tops and down upon the queer little block house with its few cannon.

The women hurried about in their snowy caps and kerchiefs. The men wore their very best buff breeches and waistcoats. The Indians stalked about in their gayest paint and feathers.

What a sight it was to see the goodies!

There were rows of pumpkin pies and loaves of brown bread; there were golden corn cakes and mugs of beer; there were wild grapes and dried plums; there were turkeys and deer roasting before the great fires.

After dinner there were games of running and jumping, and a game

called stool ball, a kind of croquet in which the balls were driven between the legs of stools instead of under wickets.

In those times Christmas trees and Santa Claus were looked upon as wicked. In fact, the Puritans were always very strict with their children.

So you will not wonder that these little people remembered their first harvest feast for many, many weeks and months.

THE FIRST FAST DAY.

(In the year 1622.)

In the next summer sad days came to the Plymouth children.

There was very little to eat. The corn planted in April dried before it was three inches high. The beans, planted soon after, dried until they looked as though they had been burned with fire.

News came that a ship bearing friends and food had gone down in the sea.

“God must be angry with us!” said the Plymouth people.

“We will have a day of fasting,” said the governor.

All work was stopped, all the people met and knelt under a sky so blue it seemed as though it could never rain again.

Then a cloud came, another and another, then the rain.

For fourteen days there were tender showers which coaxed the dried corn and beans into growing again.

Then news came that the ship was not lost after all.

“Joy! joy!” cried the people; “we must have a thanksgiving day for this,” and they did, though it was mid-summer.

But there was another real jolly day for these little folks; that was training day, when the soldiers drilled, and there were guns and cannon firing from morning till night and a great dinner in tents.

It was as much like Fourth of July as a day could be.

THE COLONIAL CHILDREN'S FIRST REAL FOURTH OF JULY.

It was July 4, 1777, just one year from the Declaration of Independence.

There was great joy in Philadelphia. The boys and girls were wide awake and eager to see what would be done.

About noon all the armed ships in the river were drawn up before the city and the fun began.

Both city and ships were gay with flags.

At one o'clock, with such a boom as

these quiet little folks had never before heard, thirteen cannon were fired from thirteen ships in honor of the thirteen United States.

In the afternoon there was a dinner and bonfires and ringing of bells.

When evening came the city was lighted from one end to the other.

Then the fireworks began. Thirteen rockets were sent up first, and many times thirteen shouts went up after them, all in honor of the thirteen United States.

“Wish it was Fourth of July every day!” said the little folks when the fun was over.



ABOUT THE FLAG.

When the world was but a few thousand years old, which you know is young for a world, it had only a few tribes of people upon it.

“We must have some sign for each tribe,” said the people. So each tribe carried a different banner or flag of some sort.

The tribes grew to be nations.

Each nation said, “We must have a flag.”

Words, you know, stand for thoughts.
In the same way each flag stands for
its own nation.

The very first flags were—what do
you think? Just rushes cut from the
river side!

See the flag which is the sign of the
United States.

Its red stands for courage.

Its white stands for purity.

Its blue stands for truth.

What do other nations think when
they look at our flag? We hope they
think this:

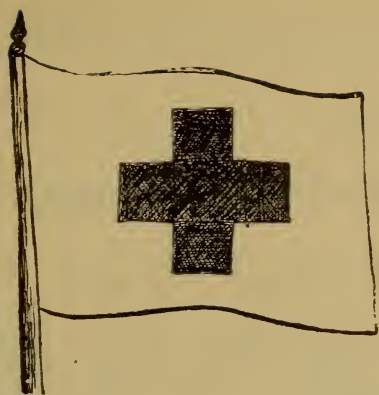
“America is a brave, true nation

because its people are brave and true."

Who of us could do wrong with our eyes on the grand old stars and stripes?

Every kind thought or word or deed of ours is an honor not only to ourselves, but to our banner—and our country.





MORE ABOUT THE FLAG.

The first flag to unroll its folds to the airs of our country was the Spanish flag which Columbus carried when he landed at San Salvador.

The Pilgrims who came over in the "Mayflower" sailed under a white flag with a red cross in it.

This was one of the flags of England at that time.

When Henrich Hudson found the beautiful Hudson River he set up a flag, which was the flag of his country (Holland) at that time.

Wherever the French people went they set up the French flag.

So you see there were all sorts of flags flying in our country in its first days.

By and by, people in our country began to dislike so many flags.

“Let us have a flag of our own; we will be independent,” said our people.

How shall our flag be made? The wisest men in our country thought about the question.



PINE TREE FLAG



THE SOUTH CAROLINA FLAG.

They made all sorts of flags; blue flags, white flags, red flags, yellow flags; flags with stripes, flags with bars, flags with trees, flags with snakes, flags with

anchors, flags with the crescent moon on them.

But none of these pleased the people long.

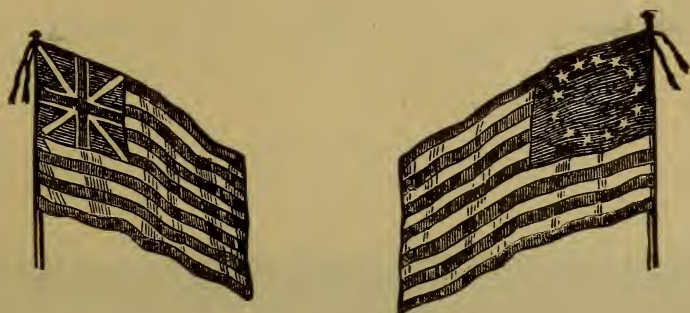
At last George Washington named three men—one of these men was Benjamin Franklin—to design a flag.

The three men went to Cambridge, Mass., where Washington then was, so that they could talk with him about it.

There they met a nice old gentleman, whose name no one seems to remember, who, it is said, gave them some wise hints.

The new flag was made with thirteen

stripes, one stripe for each colony with blue and white crosses in the corner.



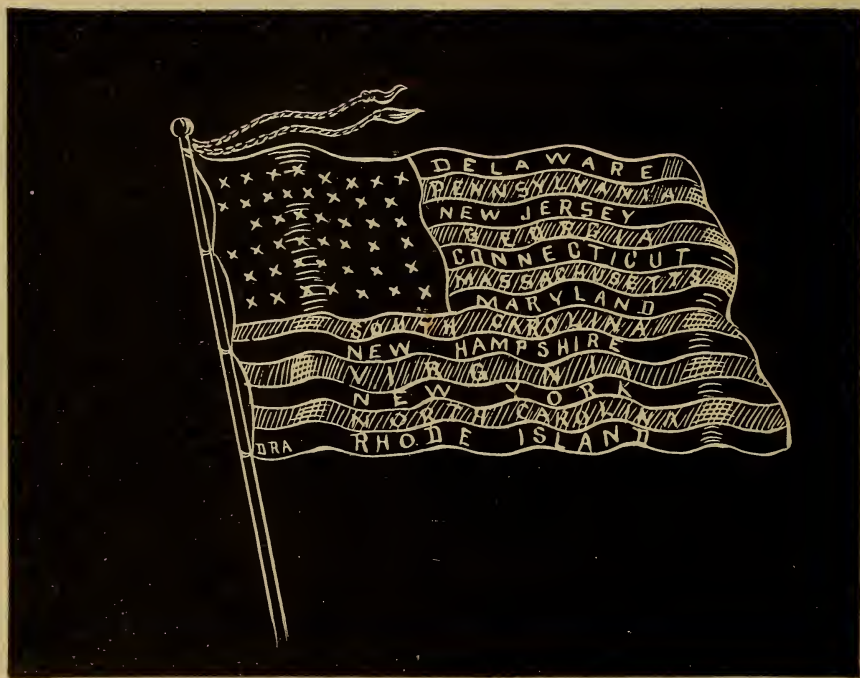
By and by, English rule became very hard to bear.

“We will be a country by ourselves; we will have a flag all our own, with no king’s cross in the corner!” cried our people.


Then it was that our flag with its stars was born.

“We will die to save our country and flag from injustice,” said our people.

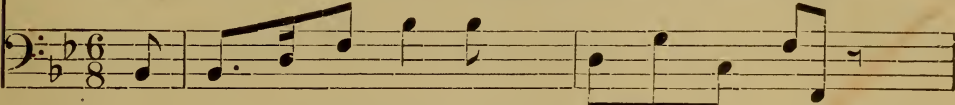
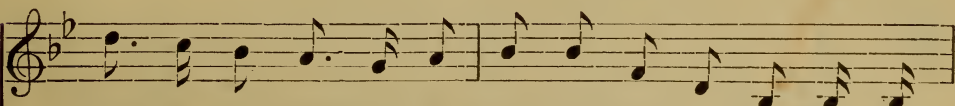
And they say it this day and mean it, too.



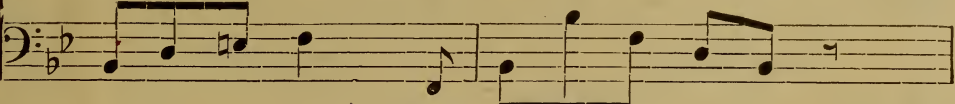
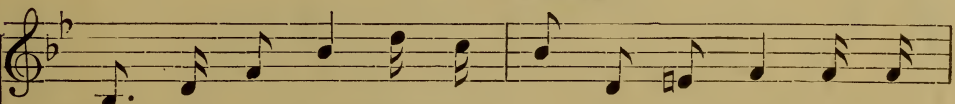
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



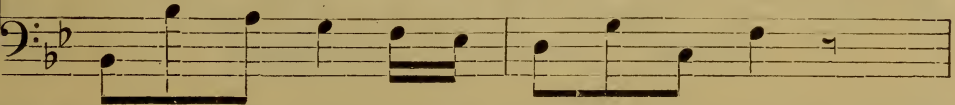
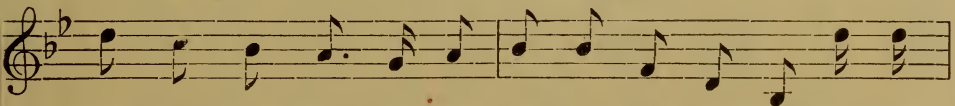
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so
 2. On the shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep, Where the
 3. Oh, thus be it ev - er, when free-men shall stand Be -

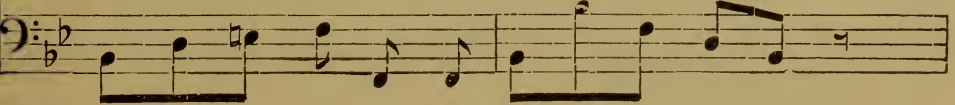
proud - ly we hail'd at the twilight's last gleaming, Whose broad
 foe's haughty host in dread si - lence re - pos - es, What is
 tween their loved home and foul war's des - o - la - tion, Blest with

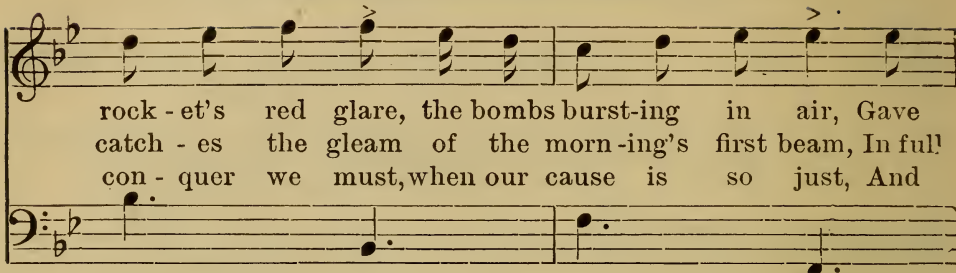
stripes and bright stars thro' the per - il - ous fight, O'er the
 that which the breeze o'er the tow - er - ing steep, As it
 vic - t'ry and peace may the heav'n-res - cued land Praise the

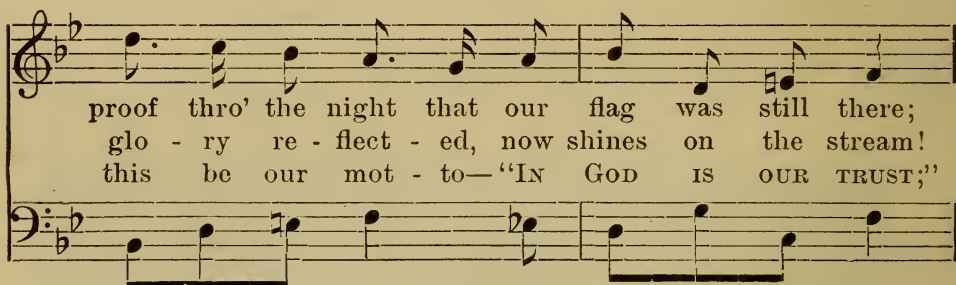
ram-parts we watch'd, were so gal - lant - ly streaming? And the
 fit - ful - ly blows, half con-ceals, half dis - clos-es?—Now it
 power that hath made and preserved us a na - tion, Then



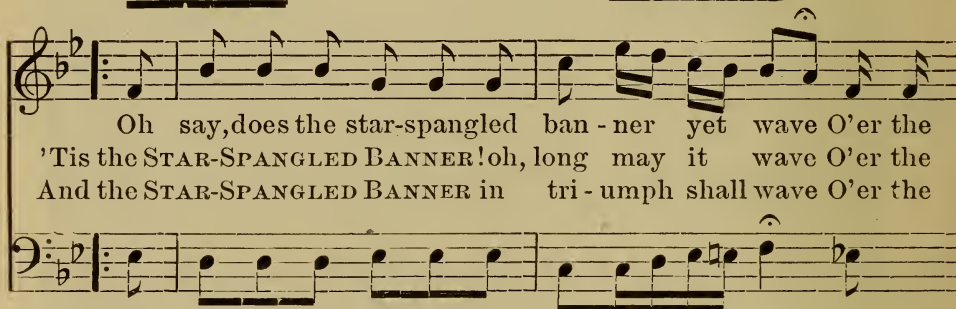
THE STAR-SPANGLED BANNER.



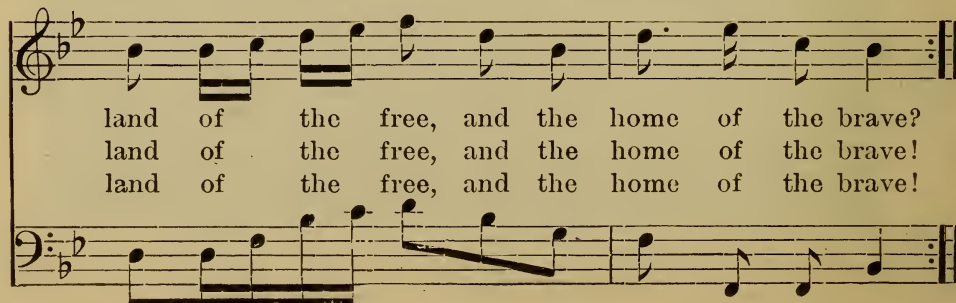
rock - et's red glare, the bombs burst-ing in air, Gave
catch - es the gleam of the morn-ing's first beam, In full
con - quer we must, when our cause is so just, And



proof thro' the night that our flag was still there;
glo - ry re - flect - ed, now shines on the stream!
this be our mot - to—"IN GOD IS OUR TRUST;"

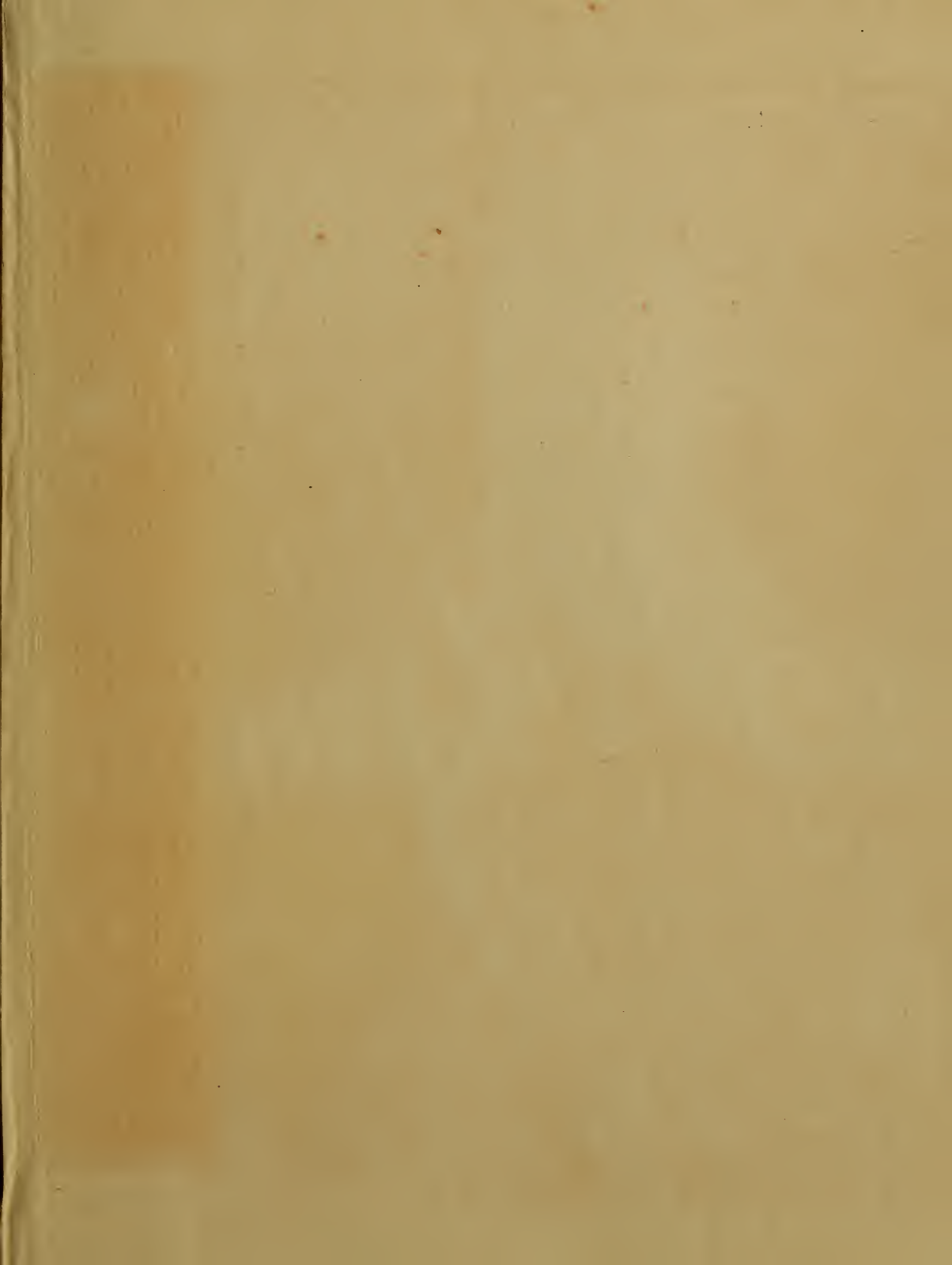


Oh say, does the star-spangled ban - ner yet wave O'er the
'Tis the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER! oh, long may it wave O'er the
And the STAR-SPANGLED BANNER in tri - umph shall wave O'er the

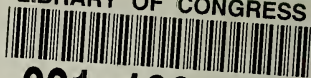


land of the free, and the home of the brave?
land of the free, and the home of the brave!
land of the free, and the home of the brave!

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